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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

## THE BLAHS OF COLLEGE VS. THE JOYS OF RISK

THE COLLEGE BLAHS never got to me. I had occasional problems with the rock monster (an unrealistic urge to fall asleep), with wandering out (leaving my much-pink food) with visitations on black widows (geophthalmos, or, as some call them, black beetles), and, of course, with occasional bouts of flapping (loss of flapping), but never did I have a problem with depression. I experienced occasional joy and frequent agony but almost never felt the loneliness, the boredom, the lack of personal stimulation that have come to be called the blahs. Yet despite the fact that it was the late Sixties—probably the most exciting time in college—many of my fellow students succumbed to the blahs. Today, when the collegiate environment offers far less social and political excitement and far more career pressure, reports from all over indicate that student depression is more pervasive than ever.

As it happened, I was forced to become something of an expert on depression. My first job after college was as an assistant dean at a large state university. I came to realize that a common characteristic of the disaffected students I contacted was the lack of faith in their daily lives. They may have felt anxious, helpless, or even worthless, but they had not taken risks. They did not feel as though they had personally gone on the line in any aspect of their lives. They had almost unconsciously failed to take a genuine chance that could lead to success or failure—in personal relationships or in their studies or in campus activities. Regardless of their intellectual abilities or economic backgrounds, they all had failed to put their guts on the line.

As a student, it was my good fortune to understand risk, to experience its magic ability to make life mean something. Realizing is the main fact, it stimulates the adrenaline and while it may cause much self-doubt and may cause sinking sensations in the stomach and gnawing of the teeth, it does not allow one to be bored. By living with risk you learn about your-



Highlights from Esquire's college years

self. The ability to take risks is not an automatic guarantee of happiness, but it is a key ingredient in the meaning permeability. It is the act of risking something, of experiencing one self in the midst of uncertainty, that is important—not whether one wins or loses what was risked. At worst, broken hearts do swirl, and proud students turned history majors do eventually find careers. But more important than the self-knowledge gained is a transforming sense of life that young people experience in taking risks.

As it evolved from our cover, we decided to reinstate our annual college issue by bringing you the best of the worst of college. We hope you'll forget your troubles and laugh with us at the columns of the Daily Ditch (page 26), our campus newspaper that beats the months all this time THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. You'll also enjoy our guarantee to review of campus food ("Triumph of the Swat," page 30), and as introduced to the Regime and Regime of Baylor U. ("Pinky Nicks," page 30).

Although Esquire has devoted many pages to things collegiate from its very beginning, the tradition of a special college issue or section was not established until 1964. The cover of that issue is shown on this page, along with two other college-



issue covers). During the Sixties, at the dawn of the student revolt, we led the way in pioneering and reflecting on the campus mood. You will find a reflection of today's atmosphere in writer David Katz's story on the young Ph.D.s who are homeless wanderers in the groves of academe ("University of the Gypsy Scholars," page 34). But there was one college story we attempted that failed to be written. When we asked a number of eminent intellectuals and critics to take the SAT tests, intending to publish the results with each person's comments on the papers, not one of the personalities we approached was willing to cooperate. We just can't understand it. Also in this issue is a piece by James Baldwin on blacks, whites, and education in America ("Dark Days," page 42). It was assigned by associate editor A. Craig Crockett, who tracked down Baldwin in France. Baldwin toured American campuses for some of the material in his essay, then wrote the story in New York. By the time the photo of Baldwin on page 42 was taken, he was back in France. Tom Robbins (our feature writer in this month's installment of "Why I Live Where I Live" page 52). Meanwhile, a new series began this month. Esquire goes on a date with a bright and offbeat woman and then reports on the experience to the reader ("Esquire Goes on a Date," page 100). Any suggestions for future dates?

One last word about risk. Its salutary effects apply not only to college students but to people of all ages. I continue to be fascinated by those who are willing, at crucial moments, to take risks in their jobs, personal relations, and private philosophies. Risk-taking seems to be an antidote to those knee-jerk despairism we were so determined to avoid in the late Sixties. But, as with any other human characteristic—honesty, love, or whatever—the proper use of risk is unacquired knowledge. So proceed of your own risk, and enjoy this issue.

—Philip Moffitt





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per cigarette, FTC Report Dec 79

## LETTERS

### THE SOUND AND THE FURY

#### ONE SORRE SISTER

REGARDING YOUR James J. Knappman article, "American Glories," in the July *Esquire*: As one of the American Sisters, I was delighted to see our photograph in your illustrious magazine.

The caption caught my slightly off guard. I realize that the quote, "They are going up girls!" represents Knappman's personal thought on the matter, and I don't mind if he wants to call me ugly, but to say that my sisters, Patty and Louise, were ugly really gets my dander up.

We sure thought our money was pretty as we paid him.

Marianne Andrews  
New York, N.Y.

#### ON SNIVELING BRIDES

WE WERE staid to read the article on your August issue ("More Nerves on Camp") in which William Safire mentioned that he had been a counselor at Camp Sassa.

Camp Sassa was an excellent company when the article grouped us with some of the best genetic camps in the country. Camp Sassa is a fine camp for underprivileged children, but we snitch or sniggle any of the finest camps in the country.

As for the moving brain Safire talks about: Many of the most successful names in business, entertainment, and the professions were campers, writers, or counselors at our camp, including Gabe Kaplan, Mel Brooks, and Louise Lasser.

We would welcome letters and phone calls from all of our former sniveling brides. Yes, Camp Sassa is gone. It's alive.

Edith Lipkin  
Coral Gables  
Camp Sassa  
Summit, N.J.

#### NOT JUST GOOD OL' BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS ON a well-written article ("Shirley Chup Blunders," August). I would like to take exception to one item: "They looked like what they were—country boys and ladies who had come to the city and couldn't quite believe it." I am a professional housekeeper and a published sociologist. Many of my housekeeping clients are design engineers and corporate executives. Selective perception seems to have colored your article. Check

out the next housekeepers' show and get to know the Ph.D. business housekeeper as well as the good if they from South Carolina.

The Brothers  
Roselle, N.C.

#### WALTER AND FAYE

IN HIS "Love Letters from Olympus," by Ronald Steel (August), an excerpt from a forthcoming book about the late Walter Lippmann, Steel wrote that Faye Abernethy Lippmann was not interested in the subjects that stirred Lippmann's mind. "She could not talk to her intellectual husband and the other things that mattered to him." In fact, in the acknowledgments at the end of Walter Lippmann's book *A Profile in Men*, this can be found:

I am under special obligation to my wife, Faye Lippmann, without whose assistance I could not have completed this book.

What did she do, Mr. Steel, shut up and stay out of his way?

Trish Carr  
New Orleans, La.

STEEL, HOWEVER: Faye Lippmann was an estimable woman in many respects, and it is an omission to say that she had little interest in politics. Indeed, as she told me, she and Lippmann rarely talked about her work.

#### ONE SORRE FATHER

WHO IS M.J. on page 94 ("The Esquire," "Ladies Entrance," August)? Once again a pseudonym of a magazine has given us in stereotyping, this time of race, a group of people who have a strong tolerance for bad taste. Names can take taste (they always have) and they have a sense of humor infinitely superior to most people's—including Esquire's.

Robert Philip Knappman  
Providence, R.I.

#### MORE ON GORE

GORE VIDAL's piece was witty and delightful and, in his assessment of the Canadian form of government, truly accurate ("The State of the Union, 1994," August).

The fact is that in this country, as in any other, if the prime minister's party holds a majority of seats, there is virtually no way he will be supplanted by a vote at a confidence interval by the opposition. In practice, his party stands solidly behind him, because in Canada a representative

represents the party, not the electoral district whence he came. Canadian vote for a prime minister is an American vote for a President; the difference is that Canadians do it indirectly.

Last U.S. readers decide on means to feed north of the Forty-English Parallel, let them consider the following: Canadian law on constitution and just a national anthem approved only last June. Canadians have been obliged to pay and to pay for metric conversion, bilingualism, and multiculturalism without ever having been consulted in these matters, and whatever reforms have occurred in Canada have been initiated in the United States. The U.S. President, Bill Clinton, recognized the serious limitations of the parliamentary form and wisely rejected it.

W. Harmon  
Oakville, Canada

GORE VIDAL would not be surprised to learn that quite a few folk expect Ben Franklin to ever return to his more widely and lucratively than he implies. So many are looking up in food and, of course, on maps of Canada that if one wishes to purchase a Hecker & Koch 91 or a Springfield M1A (the two most highly recommended combat rifles, according to those who follow such matters), one must wait some months for the former, twelve months for the latter. Involving, huh?

Jim Norman Brown  
Southfield, Mich.

VIDAL'S REPETITIVE, edification, and by now boring theme—that our nation's political leaders are stupid, dull persons in the hands of predatory, venal, and corrupt bankers, businessmen, and religious leaders—naturally appeals to an immature, rebellious mind. The fact is, such a set of beliefs says much more about the person believing it than it does about the country and its leaders. With a slightly different set of circumstances in such a person's upbringing, that person would now be promulgating the various "world communitarian conspiracy" theories we hear about in crackpot right-wing magazines.

Michael J. Price  
Caldwell, Wis.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



Hello?

Mum?

Yes?

It's me, Biffy.

Yes?

We met last week. At the Windows.  
You were looking down my dress.

I was admiring your brooch.  
The cameo of your grandmother.

In a pig's eye! You bleated when I  
caught you at it. How very  
non-European of you!

It is a trick I perform. It creates  
an air of boyish charm.

I'd like to see you.

I, too.

I have a bottle of cheap Algerian  
wine, some soggy crab dip, and an  
apartment with a magnificent view  
of a brick wall. Would you like to  
come over?

For such an elegant invitation, I  
will shave elegantly, and comb  
my hair elegantly, and then  
I will take some Paco Rabanne,  
which is a most elegant cologne,  
and I will place it on several  
elegant parts of my body, after  
which, my dear Biffy...

The same is Biffy. And if you step  
on it, I'll wear my cameo brooch.



Paco Rabanne  
A cologne for men

What is remembered is up to you



BY BOB GREENE

# ROCK OF AGES

Singing the rock 'n' roll songs of his youth, Bob Seger hit the road at twenty, the charts at thirty-five

IN THE VAST and echoing emptiness of Detroit's Cobo Arena, Bob Seger walked to the front of the stage. With his guitar in his hands, he began to sing the first words of "Main Street": "Lonesome-er standing on the corner at midnight, trying to get my courage up..."

His voice did not carry. This was late on a Saturday afternoon, at a technical sound check, and something was wrong with the microphone. In a few hours the arena would be filled with more than twelve thousand people, but now the doors to the hall were locked, and Seger had no audience.

With his voice reaching only a few feet beyond the stage, he sang a couple more verses, then stopped. He looked out at the thousands of empty chairs. Tonight he was coming home. After fifteen years of struggling to make a name for himself outside small pockets of the Midwest, Seger had the number-one-selling record album in the country. His next consecutive concert, Cobo was sold out, nearly seventy-five thousand fans were paying ten-dollar top to hear this thirty-five-year-old rock 'n' roll musician from southern Michigan sing his songs.

Seger glanced up at the top balcony. Behind him, his Silver Bullet Band continued to play the chords of "Main Street," but Seger did not resume the lyrics. He kept staring at those balcony seats, and after a moment a smile of the parent joy spread across his face.

WE ALL GREW up with the dream. In the 1940s and early 1950s American boys yearned to become baseball stars, by the end of the Fifties the dream had turned to rock 'n' roll. New generations wanted only to be Elvis Presleys or the Beatles or the Rolling Stones. Some even pursued the dream, forming local bands, playing at school dances, rhapsodizing some club around the home town. But then



monthly, they grew it up. It was a child's dream, if you weren't a rock 'n' roll star by the time you were twenty or twenty-two you went out and found legitimate work. You couldn't stay a kid forever.

Bob Seger never figured that out. All the songs told him that he was never going to make it, the adults told him to join his contemporaries who had quit believing in Peter Pan, who had accepted the idea of real work, who had to admit that they often didn't even know the names of the new bands who were making it big. Seger was on the rock 'n' roll road when he was twenty and was still on it when he was twenty-five and when he was thirty. Traveling by car, he sometimes played in more than 600 live nightclubs a year and no one outside the Michigan-Alabama circuit cared who he was. In a good year he might walk away with \$5,000.

He played bars and he played nightclubs and he opened for touring big name bands who, it suddenly occurred, were younger

than he was. His singing voice developed a whiskey-and-cigarettes rasp, the members of his band changed, his record companies had his eyes what to do with him, and still he stayed on the road. The boys he'd gone to high school with were making something of themselves, showing in the real world, their futures laid slowly and surely out ahead. And Bob Seger, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was a grown man singing rock 'n' roll songs.

Maybe they were wrong—those boys who had known him when they were all teenagers—wondered what Seger thought about when he realized the audience for rock 'n' roll music was now up to twenty years younger than he was. Wondered what it would take before he would learn the lesson was going to happen. Wondered how it would feel when Bob Seger, missing forty, had to admit the words and fill out a job application.

Then, in 1980, something changed. Seger finally—almost miraculously—caught on. The record-buying public accepted twenty of New York observation and Los Angeles slickness. But Seger had never become a part of either coast, he remained, instead, quietly middlewestern—singing of summer nights in the back seats of cars, and of feeling alone in a small town, and of words spoken to him by girls who had probably long ago forgotten his face and his touch.

By the beginning of last summer his album *Against the Wind* had led the R&B record charts for six weeks, it had sold 2.5 million copies at a list retail price of more than \$10 million. Virtually every concert on his nationwide tour was a sellout. Fifteen-year-old children were clapping their hands above their heads as he sang the lyrics of his Michigan lullaby.

The dream had come true, but it had come late. And was it as lovely as he had hoped? Was it worth the wait? Seger is a man sensitive. —Continued on page 17

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



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It fits all Polaroid cameras that use SX-70 film.

## THE BOYS HE'D GONE TO SCHOOL WITH WERE LAMORING IN THE REAL WORLD, THEIR FUTURES LAID NEATLY OUT AHEAD. AND BOB SEGER, OF ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, WAS A GROWN MAN SINGING ROCK 'N' ROLL SONGS.

to the singles and small bands of the world, yet for different years, while no one paid attention, he had refused to compromise. Now, finally, they were listening. They'd thought passed through his music, at least, before the crowds coming to his live shows.

"I ALWAYS FELT I had something to offer," Seger said. "There were times when I was broke and I'd find myself playing in a club somewhere, and other bands were making it big... and I'd say to myself, 'Well, if you have to play club five nights a week, log off.' I know I could always at least do it. I was pretty good. I could always play a bar gig."

Seeger was drinking beer with a lone visitor backstage at Cobo, the third concert of the six-night stand had ended on last night, and now he was back in a small room. His face was bare except for his shoulder-length strands of gray hair. He began to sing. His voice was steady with black notes in a short-lived strain he could have been a warbler on the General Motors assembly line. He talked with the same quiet but in his voice that was coming out of radio all across the country.

He seemed as bashful as the awkward boy in "Main Street" and "Night Moves," his headstrong licks about growing up in the Midwest. His, he said, the night of a beautiful woman he met and before she knew him, she couldn't say any thing that makes sense. In a crowded room where people want to make him the center of attention, he admitted, he never was a socializer and "wasn't as nice as you say." He never moved away from Michigan, he said, because he was afraid that Los Angeles or New York would eat him up. "I never was that good at being popular, playing myself alone. All I could do was write and play, and I kept writing. I kept giving away tapes or later they'd steal it. I was out here."

The dream had ended, started for him the way it had started for the rest of us. Listening to songs on the radio and seeing in front of the mirror, just trying to be a star. "I'd only do it when my eyes weren't here. I'd be too embarrassed when someone else was in the house."

But why, then, had a stack with him? When the others with the same dream had long ago given it up, why had he held on?

"I had this rebellion, and I felt very much alone," Seger said. "Maybe I had a larger need for affection than the other people. I don't think that I had more ambition. I think it was just that I was liked, to be known. For thirty-five years old, and I had a lot after being on the road

so long, and I wasn't getting more than I needed. But when I go on the stage and I see the people out there and I hear them, all the voices and the energy, they're saying, 'We accept you.' That's what I hear when they cheer."

"For such a long time, everyone around kept trying to convince me I was going to make it. For all those years, all those people were saying, 'It's gonna happen. It's going to happen, it's going to happen.' It got to be so irritating, because nothing was happening. Finally the only thing I could do was to stop listening to them. I got to the point where I didn't think I would ever be a star. I wasn't going to happen, and I lived with it, and now... this."

Seeger said that he doesn't but understands the fans of people who work jobs that bring him no satisfaction. "Maybe they're doing it for the money, and I'm not going to get it, and I'd better dig in for the long, slow slide." The specter of the slow slide is something that is constantly on his mind—the image of a working life as far as he can reach and not being able to produce, not being able to deliver any more.

"I say to myself, 'You're thirty-five and you're rich, can you still rock it out anymore?' On the record dark nights, it goes through my mind, the idea of a grown man in a children's room, a person that makes a career out of something that was once natural for me. When and how do I gradually leave it?"

"I see the kids out there, and they seem to be enjoying it, but then I think maybe it's just the visceral excitement of hearing a comedian (singer) do. As a writer, I'm thinking about the words, but maybe that's just my thinking of the dream. What I'm trying to do is make someone out there feel, I'm not alone. Someone else feels the same way. But sometimes I think that maybe a lot of people can't have the success or don't really care."

"How long can you maintain? You've got to do what I'd believe do. I think he knew he could have played like there or like Mike Sessions, but he said, 'Nope, I'm not going to do it.'"

"I can't see a fifteen-year-old kid wanting to see me when I'm forty-five. I tell myself to give it two more years and then look at it. I'm beginning to feel since I was thirty-two. When I decide that I'm not going to do it anymore, though, at least I'll be able to say to myself: 'I liked what I was doing, and I think I was pretty good at it, and I never let embarrassment get to me.'"

THE NIGHT PASSED as Seger and his mother talked. The conversation even-

tually turned to small change. Seger said that for all the songs he has written, he is unable to write personal letters, even to someone he loves very close to. "I don't want things lying around to haunt me," he said, and laughed.

He said that he never wants to go on television, wherever it is he has to offer, he thinks the concert would tell it. "If I want to go on a talk show, I wouldn't know what to say," he said. "I don't know how I would explain my life in eight minutes. I remember once I heard that Lennon and McCartney were going to be on the Tonight Show. I got real excited and I stayed up to watch it. And Johnny Carson wasn't even there that night. He was off, and Joe Garagiola was the guest host, and here were John Lennon and Paul McCartney trying to make jokes with Garagiola. It made me sad to watch it. I don't think I could do that. It would seem to trivialize everything that I think I am."

Gradually, as they were heading home, members of the Silver Bullet Band drifted into the room to say goodnight. Seger told them, they were going very late, and soon only the pattern remained in the arena. Still Seger didn't budge. He was tired, but the memory of the twelve thousand voices in Cobo was still with him. It was in his singing and talking in this back room, he could make the night go on endlessly.

"I have a cabin up on northern Michigan," he said. "Sometimes I'll be up here back and walk down to the bar and sit and watch the TV set with the old guys there, yelling for the Tigers. They don't know who I am, and that's fine, because that's how I always was before. I'm just some guy."

Finally Seger and his visitor got up to leave. As they headed for the door, Seger had another beer in his hand, and the star had one more question.

Now that he had made it big—fifteen years later—did the dream still hang? After waiting the success so feverishly for long, how did it sit in front of it was supposed to be?

"Oh, yeah," Seger said. "Absolutely. Terrific."

They walked through the empty corridor, toward the door to the street, and then Seger stopped.

"Well," he said, "I didn't give you the right answer. It isn't as good as I thought it would be. It can't give it over to me." He headed for his car, his steps sounding on the deserted parking lot, a Michigan night more bare than the road.

BOB GOLDFINE is a contributing editor of *Rolling Stone*.



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## MEDIA

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

## DEEP THOUGHT ON PORNO

*Isn't there more to sex than lyrical inquiries and sensory degradation?*

SUNLIGHT WINKS through seas of green leaves. Lizards lift their heads, bask in light, and all nature comes to a moment's rest. . . . in *Desire*. Should have been *cherry* in *The Blue Lagoon*. Strangled for years on a sedated bed with a blood-curdled beetle on a rafter type, this is finally an endeavor to temptation by ending up with her nose in a sun-drenched clearing. Though the movie has teared at the edge of desire for over an hour, this kowtow is a sweetly erotic. Lizards on a sun-drenched ledge, two eyes like little, tick tapes are tenderly nuzzled. Something under comes in Paul Schuster's *Amour* Cycles. After looking up Richard Gere's cop in an airport stall, the film finally leads him in the sack with Lauren Hutton—and what happens? Forget cutesy, here's the cycle, the cycle, and we see Gere peering persistently through venetian blinds. Sex on such movies as *The Blue Lagoon* and *Amour* Cycles has a brutal, erotic, the actors make love tentatively, probably, like Adam and Eve sharing a first moment under God's benevolent gaze. And when sex isn't presented visually, it's usually presented elliptically. For instance, first looking at a postcard of a woman and goggle, none of this we see. It's as if a secret bargain has been struck, and the middle ground of sexuality has been declared off limits. At one extreme, commercial film pornography is an experience in seconds as measured on a footing in a glance. And at the other extreme? Last, sweet, degradation.

As a word, pornography. Except for born-again fundamentalists and a feminist plot of two, few people these days have their temperaments raised by 3-rated films—and that itself is notable. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, people looking to spice up their love lives with a few flashcard images started lining up for skin flicks in which sex went in a playhouse (or



it was in the old film) but with hard, erotic, seriously held. The films that best expressed and exploded this spirit for carnal excess were of course *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, and *Behind the Green Door*. Since the media look notice. No longer did the porno crowd consist entirely of Wallace Bree types who looked and they had just crawled out of the hold of a tramp steamer; now the porno and the well-groomed was making quite a bit of the sex office space. Here was made of the fact, for example, that *The New York Book Review* staffers had shapely given *Deep Throat* the answer. Inevitably, the phenomenon soon had a lazier, lying form: it porno too.

With their emphasis on the no new reference, articles examining porno that easily agreed what was spooky and disquieting about the films themselves. *Deep Throat* was, I think, a frank bit, but *The Devil in Miss Jones* had a true cinematic creepiness. The film's message

was that of *Desire's* No End, with a porno twist: hell is other people having sex. And *Behind the Green Door*, in which Marlon Brando played a WASP who is seduced by a black brute in an African necklace, had a strong point: it was difficult to shake off. Porno depicts upon darkness for its force and sheer darkness is an enigma. (Once in a Las Vegas porno house the management suddenly raised the house lights—and the male patrons slumped so softly in their seats that it looked as if a scythe had swept through the room, toppling off their heads.) Behind the Green Door was the first porno film to use darkness as a device; the movie is a shadow-shrouded ceremony, with masked figures silently watching Brando go through his bizarre conquest. The audience gathered behind the green door serves as a surrogate for the audience watching the film itself. Behind the Green Door is hence also the very impulse that brought pornography into being.

After these films captured a larger, younger audience, the porno industry flourished, and it became apparent that there were striking differences between East Coast porno and West Coast porno. East Coast films had (and have) a soft, cropped, remote video look, and the sex was often as gently casual as surgery. Grim and sadistic porno activists were tied up, shocked, shocked! West Coast films were harder and more outdoorsy, but they too could ease out the moralization. One film—*Flowers de Sex*, directed by San Francisco-born actress Ana De Armas—ended with a wide-eyed sex as graceless as one of Caligula's stammering barbarians. *Genes* also became distinct—characterized films (*Deliver Us from Evil*, *Pro-Dan Chase*), technoporn films (*Chicago*, *Paris*), porno films (*Chicago*, *Paris*), porno films (*Chicago*, *Paris*).



BY ADAM SMITH

## THE JAPANESE MODEL

*Things work, America's doesn't. The inspiration chills!*

"DO YOU REMEMBER," said my visitor, "the stories about U.S.A.?"

My visitor was an old friend, an American who lives in the Far East, where he drums up business for his American firm. As far as U.S.A. is a town on the main southwestern Japanese island, Kyushu.

"The story used to be," said my visitor, "that because Japanese goods were so cheap and shoddy, they were all sent to the bellies they were exported to be stamped dead in U.S.A., so that people would think they had been made in the United States."

"I remember," I said. "That's like the story about how the Japanese fished the plane for a battleship but got them just strong enough so that when the ship was launched it turned upside down!"

"Well," said the Far East hand, "you haven't heard stories like that for twenty-five years. Detroit is reeling from Japanese exports, and you see jiggers sweat up corporations and carrying little Japanese tape decks not much larger than cassette tapes. I have to go meet some of my Japanese associates in New York now. They think New York is charming—and so cheap, they keep saying. Such hogwash!"

The Far East hand left with a book that is a huge best seller in Japan. It was written by a Harvard professor, Sam Vogel, and its English-language edition has sold a respectable twenty-five thousand copies. But in Japan it is a runaway success: four hundred fifty-five thousand copies sold. The title is *Japan as No. 1: Lessons for America*. "The way to life," said Robert Reich, a former ambassador to Japan, "is to follow the leads of many Americans Japan today has a more smoothly functioning society [than ours] and an economy that is running strong and doesn't panic." One Japanese official has said that the United States has now taken the place of Japan's former colonies. The United States supplies the raw materials—the coal, the grain and soybeans the timber—in this superior American industrial machine, and it gets back the



man's spend: superior industrial products.

**JAPAN'S ECONOMIC PERFORMANCE** has been well documented in Vogel's book. In 1952, Japan's gross national product was one-third that of France. By the late 1970s, it was larger than those of France and Britain combined, and held as large a share of the United States, Japan is the leading automobile manufacturer. Of the world's twenty-two largest and most modern steel plants, fourteen are in Japan and none are in the United States.

Health: Japan has the world's lowest infant mortality rate. In 1972 the life expectancy of the average Japanese passed that of the average American, and in 1977 Japan's life expectancy rate passed Sweden's to become the highest in the world. Education: About 80 percent of all Japanese graduate from high school, and they generally spend sixty more days a year in high school than do their American counterparts.

Crime? In Japan the crime rate is safe, and the Japanese carry large amounts of cash and don't even worry about it. Americans are accustomed to small increases in the crime rate, in Japan, the crime rate is going down.

Labor? The Japanese visitors are shocked again. Professor Vogel says that the American factory workers almost live as

armed camps to them. "Foreign visitors gained to make our workers do not work off. Workers are in fear, and American are on the way. In the Japanese factory, employees seem to work even without the factory working." What was the Japanese doing right? And how have they done it on a crowded group of islands, without enough coal and oil, without significant natural resources, without adequate farmland?

**THE RATHER CHILLING** answer is that they have done it by social pressure—a by a kind of group behavior modification. An average Japanese who goes to work for a company is there for life. He works throughout

the day in an atmosphere in which consensus is always the goal. If he has career programs, he needs consensus; the company will retain him, so he need not get involved in the protection of rights that Americans always strive for. The company's goals are his. The people he sees socially are from the company.

The government works the same way, striving for consensus within and need for consensus with business. Elite bureaucrats, their ties reinforced by social contacts in the private business and on the golf course, form an exclusive club-like network and move it through through the gate.

And all this starts very early. Children are taught the value of cooperation, says Vogel. However, allowing they say, that group pressures. The group pressure helps to explain the low crime rate. The policeman is part of the group, his little book also contains the neighborhood bulletin board. The criminal, alas, is encouraged to turn himself in. Even Japanese judges exist in consensus with the police.

The whole design of group activity is a conscious one. After World War II, the Japanese decided what they needed to survive, and they followed their decision. They even learned golf and baseball with the same sense of purpose that they applied to business and government. They

own was arguments, the Japanese was aggressive. Americans try for victory; the Japanese try for consensus.

Nobody can deny Japan's success. What is so chilling is the implication of that success. Japan works and America doesn't. The Japanese leaped from feudalism to a modern corporate society without the intervening four hundred years of individuals that have characterized Western Europe and the United States. Our individuals were all very well in its time, but that was when energy was plentiful and the world was agricultural. But now we live in a postindustrial world, and individuals don't work anymore. "Our institutional practices promote adversary relations and litigation, drive us from our society," warns Vogel.

What we ought to do, he argues, is to borrow some of the models that have worked for the Japanese: more group direction, more "central leadership" oriented to modern economic order, more cooperation between business and government.

**YOU CAN SEE** why this is at once so provocative and so chilling. Should we all gather behind the banners of IBM and General Motors? When William H. Whyte Jr. wrote *The Organization Man*, the phenomenon he documented was considered alarming. Do we really want five hundred highly trained bureaucrats, a close-knit group from state universities, to establish our goals and run our government? Our experience with the best and the brightest was not totally happy. Should we teach youngsters not to win, just to be?

Japanophiles point out that America, too, had groups. New England town meetings, farmers' granges, professional guilds. But in our mobile society, group solidarity has become antiquated. We have lost a sense of community.

This is not the direction we are going in. Americans complain that their government is too big and directs them too much. They are more and more suspicious of big business. They distrust, the polls show, all of their authorities.

Then isn't it a little bit that we are losing ground in the world, and that we have forgotten what safe cities and a sense of community feel like. Is the group model what it takes to survive? Could we adopt it? More to the point, in the way we want to live?

ADAM SMITH is a member of The Money Game, Supermoney, and Powers of Mind.

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Esquire

I'm only a sophomore,  
which means I have  
three more years to  
stay in bed. **Why  
Shouldn't I Be  
Depressed?**

Why pay thousands of dollars to do this? Why, indeed? Tuna surprise, night after night. Green walls. Twelve Moonies in my swimming class. A roommate who can't get enough of Barry Manilow. Dates with boxes. Frat parties without music. Genius professors, ha ha. Compulsory zits. Elegant, huh? And it's not just me, either. There are a million of us. Sleeping. Snoring. Whimpering into our pillows. From Harvard to Stanford. From Beloit to Rollins. From Bob Jones to Oral Roberts. You want proof? Do me a favor. Turn the page. I'll do it for you, but I really can't move. Honest.



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ALL THE  
NEWS  
THAT'S  
SAD BUT  
TRUE

THE BEST OF THE WORST OF COLLEGE

# Daily Blah

\*\*\*\*\*  
WEATHER  
Drizzle with a  
chance of gloom.  
Fifty percent  
probability of  
sweaty tonight.

DORM  
DECO  
MORE  
LIKE  
DECAY

## DEPRESSION SWAMPS COLLEGES

DON'T blame us if reading the *Daily Blah* makes you anxious or even gives you a rash. All items are true. We're just reporting the news as we've heard it. Besides, it was a lot harder on us than on you. You didn't start out with optimism, eager to discover and relate the dreams and ideals of today's youth. You didn't have to interview more than 200 editors, cheerleaders, student

government officers, and even us, only to listen to their whines. What did they want to talk about?

### VERMIN

Murder, for starters. Deviant behavior. Vandalism. Disgusting food. Suicide. Repulsive roommates. So if you are one of the students we interviewed, listen to how depressing you sounded. And if you happen to be well beyond those "best years of your life," just tell yourself a martini and thank God it's all over.

—THE EDITORS



● Columbia Gaze New Dorms  
This bathroom is part of a 300-room hotel that Columbia University bought last year in an effort to provide more student housing.

## Phew! It's a Scorch!

The University of Mass. After returning from Thanksgiving vacation, students discovered dead fish in two dormitories. According to university officials, the deaths resulted from heat prostration after the dorm administration over considerably raised temperatures to 110 degrees and lowered temperatures to 50 degrees in other rooms. The heat wave

also caused candles and covers to melt and glasses to shatter. Students claimed property loss, some got paid.

Stanford University: An all-women's dorm burned down, and some women ended up sleeping on the floors of fraternity houses. Some were all taken care of by Stanford. They were put up in a large, state-of-the-art campus.

## Red Faces at Harvard Crimson

Harvard University: *Harvard Crimson* editors found themselves threatened by a lawsuit after they published a photograph of the campus newspaper. Discovering that they didn't have an insurance to go with an article on campus conspirators, they took a photo of two black Harvard seniors, superimposed a few prison bars, and ran it with their story. The students in the photograph were disturbed and threatened to sue.

campus minority groups. As part of the agreement, the *Crimson* agreed to run the word Black with an open circle (they continued to style the word whole with a lowercase *af*). Asked about the decision, *Crimson* president Robert O. Bernstein said, "The justification for that is long and boring."



Incense Offends Brown: This statue, by the son of the president of Brown University, went on display at a Brown-affiliated hospital.

## Iowa Co-eds Kiss & Spill Beans

### APOLOGY

To keep the matter out of court, the *Crimson* ran an apology and agreed to a list of compensatory demands from

IOWA STATE: Tradition here dictates that every girl must be kissed during the twelve strokes of midnight at least once before she graduates. Once kissed, the girl

gives her friends jelly beans. If she graduates without being kissed, she hands out lemon drops. If she is a virgin during the kiss, a brick falls out of the bell tower.

### CO-EDS CUT UP AT COLORADO U:



A STUDENT DRESSED as a sandwich celebrates Alfred Pecker Day.

Pecker, one of the few known American cannibals, is honored annually.

## No Shrinks for Blue Students

Delfino University: The only physician in the Delfino campus is Dr. Roger Reed, a general practitioner. The university has no psychiatric services. Despite the fact that more than 75 percent of the student body reported some form of depression last year.

## Cops Zap Handicapped

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE: Police at the University of Maine threatened to ticket handicapped students at the

## Biz School Dean Scolded For Biz Scam

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY's former business college dean, Geoffrey Clarkson, was accused in Boston, Massachusetts, of offering to sell a company that wasn't his to sell Clarkson as, however, still teaching at Northeastern after having signed a consent decree in which he promised to avoid any such business in the future.

## STUDENT EDS FLUNK TWO R's

Occidental College: The editor in chief of Occidental's student newspaper failed to pass the college's writing-proficiency exam. The newspaper's news and sports editors also failed to pass the exam, as did two thirds of the junior class.

university for driving their motorized wheelchairs around campus without licenses and registration.

SEX, MURDER, DRUGS, AND BAD VIBES

## Booze Board Bans Punk

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND: The Liquor Board of Prince George's County has ordered the removal of its study of punk rock. According to the Liquor Board's report, "punk rock caused participants to become, angry, and hostile in public."

## YALE SINKS UNDERGRAD LIBRARY



An extension of Yale's Sterling Memorial Library shows two floors full and is completely underused. The library was built, with money so it could hold an arena used by both football and football players.

## Lonely Fans Await

### STUDENT BLUDGEONED FOR BAD VIBES

Lehigh University, A Delroit, New York, student, Brad Siskin, was beaten over the head with a student's hammer by his roommates. Lawrence Bradshaw, who suspected him of instigating alpha warriors, then beat him with a student's hammer. Bradshaw attacked Siskin after repeated attacks by the aggressive alpha warriors.

## ON FRAT ROW

### ▶ SIGMA CHI'S PLAY ANIMAL HOUSE

DePauw University: Members of the Sigma Chi fraternity at DePauw University stole a pig from a state trooper's residence and then turned it loose in the Alpha Chi Omega society house. Earlier this year, a member of the same fraternity blew up a dead dog with some low-grade explosives.

### ▶ ZETA PSI HOSTS BLUE X-MAS

University of North Carolina: The brothers of Zeta Psi turned their Christmas tree with cotton. They also decorated their fraternity house with underpants stuffed with cucumbers and served women from a Delta University sorority over for a Christmas party. Later that evening, some boys pulled down their pants. When their guests tried to run from the bare-bottomed boys, they found that the brothers had removed all the doors in the house.

### ▶ KAPPA SIGS SHOVE EWE IN FLUE

Colorado College: The Kappa Sigma fraternity purchased an elk's head and two sheep's heads from a butcher and set them on the end of the first house to ripen. When the heads had rotted and were covered with maggots, the Kappa Sigs went to the Phi Delta house, placed the elk's head in the living room, and stuffed the sheep's heads down the chimney.

### ▶ SEX SCANDAL ROCKS BAPTIST CHURCH

University of North Carolina: A popular local discotheque shut down after students were accused by neighbors of engaging in sexual intercourse in the Baptist church across the street.

### ▶ GREEKS' STUNTS FAIL TO CATCH GALS' EYES

University of Idaho: Members of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity conducted up some chickens and bit off their heads. On another occasion, brothers of the Sigma Nu fraternity urinated in front of Ethel K. Stord house. In case they had gone unnoticed, some then masturbated.

### ▶ SOUTH RISES AGAIN

University of Alabama: On Old South Day, fraternity brothers have dressed in their rebel uniforms, carried blue Confederate flags, and burned down University Boulevard alongside sorority sisters painted with blackface.

## Grateful Dead

REED COLLEGE: The Grateful Dead were scheduled to play a concert in Portland, Oregon. At three o'clock on the morning before the rock concert, a dozen Reed College students went down to the auditorium to make sure they would be able to secure tickets for the legendary bands show. Seven hours later, when the auditorium doors opened, they were still the only ones in line.

## Mischief Mime Sells Out



On the Road with Mischief Mime: Barbara Anger Bell and Anne Rhodes of Mischief Mime, a feminist theater group.

Camell: A mime troupe called Mischief Mime is drawing sell-out audiences on college campuses. The duo, Barbara Anger and Anne Rhodes, do feminist-related skits. One of their standard bits is "Period Piece," which Anger and Rhodes describe as "a classical mime in two parts: the uterus and the ovaries, and uterus."

## Potato Explosion Linked to Dope Deal

Calculus University: One hundred pounds of potatoes—which a student had bought in an effort to eat down on food expenses and to save money to buy marijuana—exploded in a dorm room.

## Science Beat

### Prof Puts Underpants to Test

Norman College: Biology professor Michael Landauer collected dry old underpants from male and female students to discover whether the odor would sexually arouse a handicapped group of students. Landauer instructed his test group to wash brand-new underpants, wear them for 24 hours, and then store them in a freezer until test time.

### Psych Experiment: A Real Shocker!

Baylor University: Twenty-eight women, assembled to take part in a psychology experiment, watched as Paul Marcano stripped to his groin socks and masturbated. Although all the women were reportedly shocked by the nature of the experiment, none left until Marcano had nearly finished.

## STUDENTS FINGER FAULTY FACULTY PROFS

A BUMPER CROP of academic disasters plagued the nation's universities last year, and students all over the country were gripped by an epidemic of boredom and disgust. The findings were documented in hundreds of student course evaluations released by universities at the end of the school year. The course evaluations, designed to let students rate their professors' performance in the classroom, indicate that students are being bemused and confused by many of their teachers.

### ● Worst Bet at Duke U

Students evaluating a math professor's Linear Algebra course at Duke University warned that the class is to be avoided at all costs. According to the Duke Teacher-Course Evaluation Book, "The [Duke course-evaluation] committee is appalled at the reviews of this man. Five students found him very bad, six were rated in the worst, the rest were even worse. Most placed him in the worst professor at Duke. The list of charges against him included the following: He is an incredibly poor lecturer, disorganized in class, unable to answer questions, and apparently unprepared about the immense class frustration. He is unsuitable for outside help and keeps non-existent office hours. He reportedly has a total lack of concern for the students, having severed the names of the members of the class. 'So be avoided at all costs.'"

### ● Exotic Calculus Confounders Kinds

Students at the University of Pennsylvania were (and possibly are) in a bind over an Asian professor's Calculus for the Social and Biological Sciences course. According to the Course Guide, "The chief complaint centered on his (or the math department's) apparent ignorance of the fact that 'there is a dearth of students who understand the language spoken.'" "His blackboard writing was similarly indecipherable," they reported. "One said he couldn't explain why he has for years been allowed to teach at all."

### ● Sail on, Mr. Chips

"Incoherent," "boring," "unprepared," "unpleasant," "not fit to teach" were some of the accusa-

tions heaped against an anatomy professor and his Contemporary Civilization course at Columbia University. Students report in the Columbia University Course Guide, "I don't know what is wrong with him. His eyes are red, and sometimes he talks like an insane." "He usually comes to class stoned, so he is psyched to teach for an hour and then comes." Many students remarked that he is overly friendly, trying to be "one of the guys." "He tries to act like he should be surfing." "I feel sorry for him but he just has good class," remarked the guide.

### ● Students Dissect Biology Professor

In an unpublished outbreak of student participation at Wake Forest University, the student evaluation report, entitled *A Squid's Eye View*, wrote of the instructor in a cell biology course. "It is truly a challenge to condense all the words and disparaging words about this man into a few neat paragraphs. Suffice it to restate one student's summation on 'Sorry, Prof—A man's the material, it was you.'"

Oceans of grease. Caldrons of colorless glop. They haunted the college memories of a food critic who thought that America's gastronomic enlightenment might have changed all that. What did he find on a hopeful return to the trenchers of his youth? That the march of time had only brought a...

## Triumph of the Swill

**EVEN THE NAMES MAKE ME GAG:** tuna fish and-noodle casserole, creamed clipped beef, macaroni and cheese, baked peas, fried fish balls, chicken cacciatore, whole loaf ham, marinated salad, Jell-O. When I decided to whip through a few colleges and universities in this country to see what and how students are eating, I thought it might be interesting, even fun. For some strange reason, I thought things might have changed over the years since I was forced to try to stomach myself on college glop. I mean, with all the acquired student power and government aid and obsession with good health witnessed in the last ten to fifteen years, you'd think the kids on campus today would be consuming food that's at least one level higher than what Dad's had. Well, none of the fat-raising, fat Julia Child TV programs, or the heated debates about sugar and cholesterol seem to have had as much of an influence on what goes on in college cafeterias, which means, more than likely, that we can look forward to still another generation of brain, meretric, dyspeptic, and perished organic food fiends.

Although college food has doubtless left its colorful

impression on the mind of anyone who ever sported a tux, let me assure you that nobody, but nobody, ever suffered so long as so miserably as I did. Perhaps you were exposed to the stuff for a year or so, maybe throughout an entire undergraduate career. That's bad enough, I agree, but how would you like to have sustained life on cheerless meat loaf, tuna-and-potato-chip casserole, and vanilla-flavored pudding not only as an undergraduate but for five years as a graduate student and for an additional six years as a dour college professor? In it my wonder that when I eventually find the necessary hours of academic I'm inclined to devote the rest of my life to the fine art of perishing my stomach?

Let me explain. To understand fully the pain I experienced all those years in college cafeterias, you must know that, as a southerner, I was worried and named in the only style of American cookery that could ever hope to be included in the annals of world gastronomy. Glorious farm-style breads, fresh brews and produce, homemade preserves and desserts, arrayed neat dishes made from scratch—things like that. In addition

by James Villas

VILLAS, THE  
FOOD-AND-WINE  
EDITOR OF *WINE*  
& *COUNTRY*  
MAGAZINE,  
CONTRIBUTES  
PERIODICALLY TO  
*ESQUIRE*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY STEINBERG



[illegible][illegible]

The fact that most students today are

feeding the exact same grass as I was forced to consume in the *FedEx* and *Staples* not only a criminal but makes a mockery of the notion that in recent years considerable progress has been made in the overall diet and enlightenment of Americans. (Dietary staples include corn, soybeans, wheat, sorghum, vegetable oils, salad bars, and the sort of "health" fare that could bring a nation to its knees. Big idea: I am a member of nations across for this. Unlike in the old days, for fewer calories you can now get more food.)

They're not even from California. They chose instead to support the business of food; students to one of many national food-service contractors (such as ARB, Blumings, Greyhound, Stamps), a practice that has brought in the profit-making industry to campus. The food service is a new system: The schools already track food budgets are strained even more by the pressure from the contracting services to collect their 3-to-10 percent of the gross income. The budget itself can depend on whether the school is a public or private, as up for sale or part-owned (which means a certain amount of money-making culture) or operating a cafeteria on a less secure cost basis. And, naturally, the smallest institutions can affect the overall results.

It's not all bad. The food service is making in about 10 more places. (The food anywhere is cheaper than college food.)

"I'm certainly not about to bore you with all the logistics drilled into me by food service managers involved in the feeding of thousands of students per day, but let me say that this is a job you wouldn't care to do. Frank Beeson, former AUSA resident manager at the University of Houston, for example, told me the kitchen as well as anyone, yet even though he met with a student food committee once a week to hear complaints and to try to make things better, it would take someone close to the machine worker to modify what I saw and ate. The cafeteria at Moody Towers was typical of the facilities I visited: a vast hall full of Formica tables and chairs, endless stainless steel trays, and a kitchen where workers wearing dark smocks of nondescript food oil cheap platters on trays.

The eyes are compared to today, and most students show at the entrance desk a plastic board pass that costs about \$700 a year and entitles them to virtually unlimited amounts of food and drink (everything but "game meats") three times a day. They stick the card into a machine that registers "pans," "meat orders," or "card invalid." Without a card, I have to pay \$6.95 for lunch, which I find is pretty incredible. As I go down the line, my instantly voracious appetite is depleted at the sight of those delicious-looking half-pigs, pork chops, corned beef, milk, and so on. Each hard-boiled egg has flag tags with labels like white oil, acorn cream sauce, and/or emulsion, and lots of

highlights and coffee cakes and sweet rolls that stick to me another. For lunch, on a grid a few slices of white bread right on an opened loaf, place them on a huge revolving toaster, and wait. Butter, available as a single large slab-on-stick unit, is smeared with grape jelly, the swirl of a yolk-smeared loaf-grazing. I think about using the cold, broken fried egg on my side, the fatty, gooey butter, and what looks like a biscuit. Then I lose all courage, drive to the nearest McDonald's, and order an Egg McMuffin.

**F**or lunch I'm joined by two entertainers, Dave and Mike, both of whom have served on the food committees and neither of whom has much to say about the catering. They say the food is "just what I need, something to make it worth the trip." I agree. Too much chicken. Terrible selection of canned vegetables. No variety in colors and textures. Inebriated criticism, yes. Then I watch them eat. Dave takes a bite of the chicken. Mike takes a huge bite. I pick them out. Dave takes a bite of a piece of mashed potatoes and muscled canned tomato vegetables. Mike chomps on chocolate milk, one grapefruit, and a square of some delicious cake on the food served on napkins. He indicates that the food is "just what I need." Mike takes a huge hamburger wedged between two duck legs. In the meantime, Mike is still into his so-called business, a four-minute news alert. Boiling in canned tomato soup, the chicken is "just what I need," mumbled down with a single swallow. They're still aware of how much ranch and maple and cranberry/dried fruit they've consumed, but they have to eat and get full. "See that, pal?" Mike Dave, signaling. "That's what we call a good meal. The wide and the deep from the bottom food."

[illegible]

grove. Three beers later, I've forgotten about eating lunch.

**M**ikes in Chicago was great to persuade my friend Jason Itrone to answer a few of the above French questions in the section, Le Provencal and Les Normands, to lunch where in the Norms Centre cafeteria at Northwestern University "You gotta be kidding" was his initial reaction. "No, I'm dead serious," I countered with conviction. "You know, after all, you've former facing about the public's own habits and taste, so why not come out with one and see for yourself how the palates of the young are being trained. Could prove very interesting."

Never one to turn away from even the most absurd challenge, Jason finally agreed

Why go into maccheted-into-a-whirl the *formally* large cafeteria, looks like at this famous "Big University" Suffolk it is. They say at the entrance are much upon the same as the other, but they are not. In fact, the location, that a sign warns no BULLER (MATTOS), and that in one corner a move is being shown (It later told by a manager that all sorts of entertainment are provided, including a show by a band with a saxophone). Here, a food is contracted by a service called Salsita, a fact you can't avoid, since the employees all wear little hats with the name emblazoned on the front. Perhaps the busiest area is the food, where the staff are all in uniform, but not the staff, party with the (chicken-burgers on buttered rice), and drink (beer) faster than Colonel Sanders can be chucked. There's a counter with plastic-wrapped salads full of ketchup lettuce and

with unutterable coles, peas, ice cream, and sherbert, a counter with vegetarian sandwiches of shredded carrots, bean sprouts, and all that, and, of course, a counter with soups, tables containing all the hot dogs. I find the highly sophisticated drink-dispensers an amusing foreshadowing the drinks themselves a revelation: fruit punchdrinks, pineapple-coconut, whip, mango whisp, and other sweet libations that the innocents guzzle the way I knock off gin and tonics.

Our traditionally loaded lunch exactly strikes them to taste. Jovan and I pay the regular stomach order a little less than ten dollars and grab a couple of students engaged in attacking two petty sandwiches, two orders of fries, and two mango drinks apiece. Things don't start off too badly. The Monte Cristo (a sandwich made with processed ham and turkey and grilled with egg batter) is pronounced quite edible by Jovan, and though the meat in my character burger has the smell of bovine and garlic, I've had worse. Even the two-dollar vegetarian sandwich—of which I normally disapprove—is fresh, fit, and almost devoured.

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new concepts enough to raise the question of whether the "sacred" baked chicken is so primary that it almost slips off the table, and I can understand why, when I ask one of the volunteers what she thinks of the senior women's group. "I love it," she says, "as an 'elder.'"

"Elders?" We're blind, there'd be no way I could identify the powdery nasal aspirators associated with Indian bronchitis (francosced), most likely from an old person's chest. I'm not sure I can see to death. I think I could bring aspirin to jewel like the plasticard green beans and corn swimming in water with no trace of seasoning. God, they're awful. "I've never seen anything anything like this," says a "charlie" from the club, a man. I don't recognize a single ingredient. Nothing. It's just flavored water with eggs, beans. "Since my stomach was down a bit recently, I chose to confine," she says. "I hope that is an appropriate gustatory, because that a little less than that would be harmful." "Some sort of this contract with artificial sweetness," he concludes, pushing away the bowl. "I'll send it to the kitchen," the waitress or IT'll be in a diabetic coma.

**H**aving once taught at Hunter College in New York, I decided to return to see if, by chance, the cafeteria had improved significantly since the dogs I suffered that degrading harassment. One glance, however, at the table and floor mats, plus the hot dogs being served for breakfast, and I figured it out so fast you'd have thought somebody had set fire to the acres of land on the bulletin boards.

[illegible]

My life. I ate college food that at least seemed halfway nourishing, decently prepared, and safe from those bacteria that we've been known to level canyon populations in one clean sweep. It's also important that very few of the students I talked all ate web at Columbus had much to eat.

Sure, we have to provide better food in most schools," I was told by Saeedberg, then business manager of the Department of Dining Services (just the name of that department sounds more like a "diner"). After all, we have a reputation as the streets, and you better believe most of these students know their good and what's bad. Rosenblatt, don't have a mandatory board plan like many other institutions do, which isn't today's forcing these people to eat what they don't want. The school's annual five-hundred fifty dollars a year you think that's high? It can run up a restaurant twice a week and eat all they eat—breakfast, lunch, and dinner. And if they don't like what they're getting, they can eat at one table with a waiter. Now I know what you're saying. I can't tell you how to do it, but I can tell you how to do it to make a student.

[illegible]

Yes, I know I'm being obnoxious and uncooperative and overly defensive about kids who are often times not what neither he or I are. But I'd love, on a single occasion, to size all the people responsible for this junk, kick them up into the staff and the students, and let the two sides go at it in a food fight. The student body's superlativity with such infant weaponry could surely set itself prevail. On second thought, though, I am loath to bear responsibility (as such an *Amargosillo*). It could be enough just to let the administrators sit with the food and sit there peacefully.





all of them seem to share a common sense of outrage at the unfairness of it. They're mad. They're mad at college administrators who are squandering the aspirations, they're furious with Reaganite trickle-down trickle-up of Florida, because trickle-up means that a seventy-year-old should have the right to keep his job, and in every seventy-year-old professor's mind, grading and his savings is a member of the gypsy army who is all about who holds his job. Some of them are even angered by modern medicine's propensity for keeping an aging faculty alive. One gypsy has cropped his office hours and considerable efforts to produce a complex demographic chart that dates back to the 1950s, which senior faculty needness in each geographic region of the country must expand to make it possible for him to get one of their jobs.

**SO I'M SITTING THERE IN MY** shrub's office one day," says a twenty-eight-year-old historian, and he says, "Maybe the tree has come to consider that my existence in history is just a result of your constructed universe in your own family 'Jesus Christ!' I said, 'This is the damned profession of Macaulay, Montaigne, and More!' I've spent six years in graduate school, accumulating

own debts. But finally I said to my therapist, 'Thank it, it's all well and good for you to take my thirty dollars an hour and do what it you want to do every five hours, but what are the rest of us supposed to do? You say there are no alternatives, but I don't see them. I don't want to go to school anymore. I spent four years in the Air Force during Vietnam, and I'm thirty-six years old now. My ceiling is to be a teacher. That's what I do for.'"

I heard Professor Ernest May, the president of the assembling movement and the chief proponent of the assembling corporate job, in one of his several offices at Harvard. I asked him if it is telling people who had studied to become graduate students not to even try, he ever met with resentment.

"Oh yes, all the time. I accept that," May said with low-key honesty. "I am one of the fortunate few."

**BUT ALL IS NOT WELL AMONG** the insured faculty in the quiet shade of academic junior faculty members with the alibi of having acquired a permanent job. Now that they enter a class that is angry, bloated, he aged, and, in a world once blessed by the enthusiasm of children, childless. Professors at around in faculty lounges these

but it couldn't. So now I can attack my fingers in them. If you're going to be a professor these days, you have to be much too corrupt."

**A**ND STILL THERE ARE A FEW hundred thousand young people who would trade everything in their Volkswagen for the chance to deal in their world of corruption. All the damned things in a weather doing that tends to make the gypsies mad. The few senior professors who seem interested in colonialism the possibility that they are the last generation of scholars in this century prefer to do as when the abstracted concept of "Crisis in the Humanities" seminar attended the American Association of University Professors annual conference in Washington, D.C., this summer. I watched hundreds of the professor's Bushman was their gypsies reproachfully and deliver polyphonic ruminations of each other's position in a major issue of the meeting—a rise in association dues. The new AUP president, Professor John Van of Anshelm, issued a press statement that said, "We must make sure that a generation of scholars is not sacrificed and that fundamental goals of higher education are not lost." I asked them how he planned to let the sacrifice. "These people never produced an excess of the needs of our society," Van said. "Nobody plans anything in America. These gypsy scholars are crafty, and there's not a goddamned thing that can be done."

One professor who is trying to address the plight of the gypsy scholars is Peter Cohn, director of the Wharton program and chairman of the graduate English department at Penn. "It seems appropriate for me to say that it's my job to produce people with Ph.D.s and immediately start jobs to worry about what happens next," Cohn said after standing Meredith Bernstein's seminar on the part of the advertising world. I asked him if he's meeting Ph.D.s a member form of selling out the future of the profession. Cohn raised his voice.

"I have to have a lot more confidence in the eventual moral superiority of academics than I've got to suggest we're capable of selling out to anybody," he yelled. "You have to be somewhere to tell us, and I don't expect to be anywhere. I've been told by Bob McNamara and Henry Kissinger. The academic role is carried around in the back of the economy, and everybody is it as it is up to him symbolically to defend money and crap. America has been a state that even professors who don't care to be the highway are doing. Michael Trefler has taught moral philosophy at Columbia for ten years before quitting last June to enter medical school. The teaching profession is filled with mistakes, and I really wanted to do something about all the mistakes I had to deal with,

but I couldn't. So now I can attack my fingers in them. If you're going to be a professor these days, you have to be much too corrupt."

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**THE IRONY OF ALL THIS** is that the best generation that will never touch is made up of students who did believe that goodness came from truth and truth came from books, who did believe in the liberating and hammering powers of education. The students of today's universities were just looking for a reason they wanted to right wrongs and set people free. They had a calling.

Any intellectual lesson worth salvaging from the era that formed this lost generation will surely be lost, too. Now, even if the economy turns healthy and high school seniors look down the sky, the Satanic generation won't be there to teach. They'll be rebel leaders or executive officers. Or former teachers who must explain to their friends and families that they spent too many years giving to the wrong cause.

Some of the more radical gypsies say that the death of America's young pro-

destituted armies tried to make trouble. But all its aspirations, the GI Bill that opened the landscape of education after World War II was really a sustained government's alternative to dangerous employment levels among people who knew how to express anger. Increasing numbers of the gypsy army no longer wish to regard themselves as slaves, because slaves, in that famous Harvard professor John Dewey once observed, are people who accept from others the purposes that control their conduct.

During the Sixties, American leaders gazed, nervously to Thomas Pynchon, William S. Burroughs, contemporary literature, and even modern India and worried of the hundreds of an angry and unemployed intelligentsia. Thirty years earlier, Professor Grace Norton, in his classic study of revolution, pointed out that the definition of intellectuals is a fundamental, also toward social upheaval. Certainly the members of the Boston-Memorial Group and the Union Red Brigade, with their master's degrees in sociology, offer a devastating contemporary analysis of what has begun to intellectualize people with nowhere to go.

No Gypsy Claves will arise now to protect the shattered labors of academe (though some organizers of the nation's locally unionized teachers, because, unlike the market for grapes, the market for young academics is unregulated. As for the efforts to reform the gypsy scholar class, the Ph.D.'s is something to the corporate world is as large that it is impossible to be sure whether a thirty-three-year-old scholar who has spent time, emotion, and money making one thing of himself can become something else simply by studying according and getting on a list.

**IN THE TRAIN BACK TO NEW** York after our day at the Wharton School of Finance, Meredith Bernstein, former English professor and current ruling English, invited professor. She drinks a cocktail and talked about E. M. Forster and the political tradition in literature. "Even when I get a train," she said. "E. M. Forster and Tolstoyan don't go away." She said she wanted to be a writer. She said she wanted to be a writer. She said she wanted to be a writer. She said she wanted to be a writer.

"You know, I was really upset in there," she said after a while. "Something awful happened. I looked out at this group of people and I was the young professor from my undergraduate days who'd convinced me to be a scholar. He probably never knew it, but he was that one professor everyone gets who only helps you up. He seemed like a man to reach his hand, and there he was in the class, listening to me talk about advertising and pulling on his pipe." □

## For every new corporation officer who leaves academe behind, there is an enraged, seriously radicalized teacher carting his or her anger into the streets.

every little nuisance. asking myself if I'm being unreasonable in believing that the high-achieving professor in me is indeed served by trying to expand the human mind, and then my own psychiatrist suggests that it's all neurotic."

Another Ph.D. who is angry with his psychiatrist is Reed Adkins, an English professor who was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow, an honor awarded people particularly gifted at college teaching. He was an excellent teacher for twenty-five years or so and had come to believe that what he was good at in life was "taking lightning down" and explaining them to people so as to reduce their lives a little. But last year, twenty years ago, he moved to the faculty of a small community college in Newark, New Jersey, where he arrived.

I went through extreme psychological traumas trying to see that real maturity in knowing that nobody really has a calling, that we are free beings who construct our

depts and talks about how poor they've become. (Their income, in real terms, has in fact diminished more dramatically than that of any other economic group except welfare mothers.) They came about teaching remedial reading to economically terrorized students. They see themselves as having lost their status in an age when failure of the subjects they know how to teach—especially those in the humanities—has ceased to be a prized commodity. They arrogantly question the ultimate purpose of a life dedicated to teaching people to be rather than to do.

Trump aside the gypsy tower is to be a state that even professors who don't care to be the highway are doing. Michael Trefler has taught moral philosophy at Columbia for ten years before quitting last June to enter medical school. The teaching profession is filled with mistakes, and I really wanted to do something about all the mistakes I had to deal with,

# Has Jodie Foster Lost Her Mind?



Why Would Anyone in Her  
Right Mind Give Up  
Guacamole for Pizza,  
Sunshine for Cigarettes,  
And the Most Charmed  
Of Lives for Four Rotten  
Years in New Haven,  
Connecticut?

by Jodie Foster

I could continue to spend my days surrounded by sweat pants, health food, and the Redco Drive-Inn. I could take a little workout on my tricycle and hit the beach. I could live for disco dances, People magazine, Santa Ana winds, and M G M. I could let my dreams fly on the freeway and watch funny plants grow. Why, they let you smile all the time, here in L.A.

Well, you may not be able to rationally relate to this, pal, but I'm trading in my guard shades for a taste of that good 'n New Haven prize. See, here's the scoop: college depression is in the cards for me! You actually missed me—little wing-ridden me—on my blond streak minus dandy locks and my just-out-the-way some-eaters hair, prancing up my hair for lack, and watch me dive into the depths of academia.

I suppose college life will be as close to reality and dying as I, Woody Allen, or the Talking Heads could ever come. Best me, look me, whip me, professors! Grad that cigarette right through my little green leggings! Situate that pounding thing within! Go ahead, follow down my hair, hide my Str-Dex pads, my white garb, my breath spray. Here I come for knowledge, where passion and plump youth pool and professor steering caps of vicious stuff! I mean, what a thrill it'll be to wake up to cigarette coughs, ink-stained teeth, and faces covered by last night's pass. My God, once the crust peels, "Seminar!"

You say the patients are a little shocked at the change around here. It's just your's trouble. They say he never used to kick the dog and stick pins in the mental to watch it slowly die. They say he never cared enough about calculus to tutor it on his thigh. They say the leather slapping his arched back makes terrific noises that wake the neighbors. They say they don't remember much if he would just learn to hammer at eleven hours. They say he has nightmares: "Real eggs? Real eggs?" I say, leave the last night! Why should he want to return to a world of placerville dip when he can dissect crazy things and buzz them/therms, just as I'm about to? After all, not all of us are meant to have tan lines, be movie stars, or detect our lusty. Not all of us are fit for the sun and sand. Perfect college types wouldn't be caught dead super alive in specialized shirts. They don't eat tacos, teach class, or get radars. They don't gove The Ring Show. They don't throw tantrums at transistors. Hell, "There, there, at the line," isn't even in their vocabulary!

You see what I have to look forward to! This fall I'm peeling up my Clay Clay and cutting the top. I'll show you what it takes to be five feet three and wear lemons and greys. Don't send me any vitamins. Don't send me any carrot cuts. I'm selling my soul to the god of the blebs.

New Haven, here I come! ☐

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY HARTLEY FOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL KAPLAN

Technics SA-666 and SA-680 (shown). Two uncommon receivers because of the two things they have in common: Technics synchro-taps circuitry and quartz-synthesized tuning. Together they give you that special something you can expect from Technics: sonic excellence. Synchro-taps, what it does may seem complicated, but it sounds simply brilliant. With conventional amplifier designs, the output transistors constantly switch on and off as the input waveform goes from positive to negative. Technics synchro-taps eliminates switching distortion because it constantly sends minute amounts of current to the transistor not in use. And since the transistors don't switch on or off, distortion is eliminated.

So is FM drift because both receivers include our quartz-synthesized tuning system. With its quartz-crystal oscillator

both the frequencies broadcast and those received are quartz-synthesized so tuner drift is completely eliminated. So the hassle of tuning because both models can be preset to receive eight AM and eight FM stations.

MODEL	SUGGESTED PRICE*	FM POWER PER CHANNEL (at 1% MODULATION)	FM TUNING RANGE
SA-666	\$695	50 watts (20 W x 2)	87.5-108.0 MHz
SA-680	\$995	100 watts (20 W x 2)	87.5-108.0 MHz

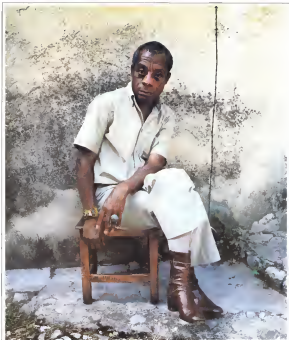
\*Suggested retail prices. All other prices are set by retailers.

You'll also like Technics Accusync control because its high and low range boost and filter switches can accommodate or boost two different frequency ranges.

Technics New Class A receivers. They give you more of what you want and less of what you don't.

**Technics**  
The science of sound





James Baldwin, the writer who has forged passion into eloquence for black people since 1948, at his house in the south of France. At fifty-six, he sees no progress in black education in the last quarter-century. The problem, he says, is the persistent delusion called white supremacy.

PHOTOGRAPH: JAMES BALDWIN

The most provocative black author of our time examines the education of our children, the actions of their elders, and the prospects for our future

# Dark Days

by James  
Baldwin

**I** HIT THE STREETS when I was seven. It was the middle of the Depression and I learned how to sing out of hard experience. To be black was to confront, and to be forced to alter, a condition forged in history. To be white was to be forced to deposit a delusion called white supremacy. Indeed, without confronting the history that has either given white people an identity or divested them of it, it is hardly possible for anyone who thinks of himself as white to know what a black person is talking about at all. Or to know what education is.

Not one of us—black or white—knows how to walk when we get born. Not one of us knows how to open a window, unlock a door. Not one of us can master a staircase. We are suddenly dropped at the almost certain results of being out of a five-story window. None of us comes here knowing enough not to play with fire. Nor can one of us drive a truck, fly a jet, hurl a bomb, or plant a tree.

We must be taught all that. We have to learn all that. The irrefutable price of

learning is realizing that you do not know. One may go farther and point out—as any scientist, or artist, will tell you—that the more you learn, the less you know, but that means that you have begun to accept, and are even able to reject it, the relentless command of your life.

What happens, black poet Langston Hughes asks, in a dream deferred? What happens, one may now ask, when a reality finds itself on a collision course with a fantasy? For the white people of this country have become, for the most part, sleepwalkers, and their communalism is reflected in the color of U.S. politics and politicians. And it helps explain why the blacks, who walked all those dusty miles and endured all that slaughter to get the vote, are now not voting.

Education occurs in a context and has a very definite purpose. The context is usually smokes, and the purpose very often unobtainable. But education can never be aimless, and it cannot occur in a vacuum.

I went to school in Harlem, quite a long time ago, during a time of great public and private squalor and misery. Yet I was somewhat luckier. I think that the Harlem children are today. I was going to school in the Thirties, after the stock market crash. My family lived on Park Avenue, just above the apartment building. The poverty of my childhood differed from poverty today in that the TV set was not sitting in front of our faces, forcing us to make unbearable comparisons between the room we were sitting in and the rooms we were watching, neither were we endlessly being told what to wear and drink and buy. We knew that we were poor, but then, everybody around us was poor.

The stock market crash had very little impact on our house. We had made no investments, and we wouldn't have known a stockbroker if one had patted us on the head. The market was part of the fairy tale always, seemed to be consisting white people, and it was always leading them to the same end. They went bring home, they put points in their heads or jumped out of windows. That's just like white folks, was my father's constant judgment, and we took our cue from him and left no gay whatever. How neat what you saw, Daddy said, grins, carrying himself and his lunch box off to the factory, while we carried our lunch boxes off to school and, soon, into the streets, where my brother and I cleaned shoes and sold shopping bags. Mamas went downtown or to the Bronx to clean white ladies' apartments.

Yet there is a recent story that says that I remember today and will probably always remember—a photograph from the center section of the *Daily News*. We were starving, people all over the country were starving. Yet here were several photographs of farmers, somewhere in America, slaughtering hogs and pouring milk into the ground in order to force prices up (or keep them up), in order to protect their profits. I was much too young to know what to make of this beyond the obvious. People were being forced to starve, and being deliv-

James Baldwin  
must never look  
Just Above My Head,  
was published in the  
fall of last year



It is an extraordinary achievement to be trapped in the dangerous cellar and to dare to shake down its walls and to step out of it, leaving the puffball keeper at the table.

But for the black man, with the attitude case, or for the black boy on the needle, it has always been the intention of the Republic to persecute and guarantee his dependence on the Republic. For although we cannot really be expected to believe a lie, we can be forced to surrender to it.

And there is, after all, no reason not to be dependent on one's country or, at least, to maintain a viable and fraternal relationship with it. But this is not possible if you see your country and your country does not see you. It is not possible if the entire effort of your countrymen is at attempt to destroy your sense of reality.

This is an election year, I am standing in the streets of Harlem, Newark, or Watts, and I have been asked a question.

Now, what do I say to you concerning the presidential candidates, whom after ignominious Carter has learned to sing. Let my people go, speaking of the hostages in Iran, while taking no responsibility at all for the public prosecutors all over his home state of Georgia. He is prepared for massive retaliation against the Ayatollah Khomeini but, after that, can only assure the city's blacks that violence is not the answer. This is the only fact that in the event of "massive retaliation," blacks will automatically be sent to fight in Iran—and for what? Despite the acres of the sweat of the four Miami politicians who beat the black man McDuffie to death. That news made page 24 of *The New York Times*. The opening sentence from the accepted main page was:

The ghetto man, woman, or child who may already wonder why the African nation starving him out of existence (or out the Army) may also wonder why violence is right for Carter, or for any other white man, but wrong for the black man. The ghetto people I am talking to, or about, are not at all stupid, and if I lie to them, how can I teach them?

Dark days. Recently I was back in the South, more than a quarter of a century after the Supreme Court case that outlawed segregation in the Republic's schools, a decision to be implemented with "all deliberate speed." My friends with whom I had worked and walked in those dark days are no longer in their teens, or even their thirties. Their chil-

dren are now as old as their parents were then, and, obviously, some of my countrymen are now roughly as old as I, and I am facing only dark days, for we know how much there is to be done, and how unlikely it is that we will live another sixty years. We know, for that matter, how utterly improbable it is—indeed, miraculous—that we can still have a drink, or a pack of cigarettes, or a laugh together.

I walked into an Alabama courtroom, in Birmingham, where an old friend the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth was sitting. I had not seen him in more than twenty years, but

**IN AMERICA,**  
the system of  
education is  
manifestly designed to  
destroy the black  
child. It is a wonder,  
an overwhelming  
witness to the power of  
the human spirit,  
that any black person  
whatsoever has  
managed to become, in  
any way at all, educated  
in this country.

church was bombed shortly after I last saw him. Now, something like twenty-two years later, the man accused of bombing the church was on trial. The Reverend Shuttlesworth was very cool, much cooler than I, even that the trial had been delayed twenty-two years. Slowly the rules of perjury grow if one is black. What is the world can possibly happen in the mind and heart of a black student, observing, who must scramble out of his courtroom and back to Yale? It was a disgraceful trial. The only reason the defendant, J. B. Storer, was not legally openly acquitted was that the jury—mostly women, and one exceedingly visible black man dressed in a cane-colored suit (I had the feeling that someone had been ordered to hire)—could not quite convince Storer's conviction (among his many others) about black that being born Jew should be made a crime punishable by death—legally? He hastened to add, "I'm against capital violence." I forced to admit, by the reading of

newspaper quotes—that he had crossed, upon hearing of the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., "Well, he's a good nigger man," Storer said. "Well, that isn't just nothing to do with violence. The man was already dead."

He was not acquitted, but he received the maximum sentence—ten years—actually on bail.

If I put this travesty back to back with the case all-for example—the Wilmington Ten, I will begin to suggest to my students the meaning of education.

On the first day of class last semester at Bowling Green State University, where I was visiting professor on sabbatical, one of my white students, in a readily stated class, asked me, "Why does the white hate the negro?"

I was caught off guard. I simply had not had the courage to open the subject right away. I underestimated the children, and I am afraid that most of the middle-aged do. The subject, I confess, frightened me, and it would never have occurred to me to ask one of the most talented. No doubt, since I am not totally stupid, I would have found a way to discuss what we refer to as interracial tensions. What my students made me realize (and I consider myself eternally at their debt) was that the notion of interracial tension before a multitude of debaters and so, in sum, a cowardly academic formulation. In the ensuing discussion the children, very soon, did not need me at all, except as a vaguely benign adult presence. They began talking to one another, and they were not talking about race. They were talking where they are to know one another, they need to know one another, each was trying to enter into the experience of the other. The exchanges were sharp and remarkably kind, but were laced by an inescapable fear or hostility. They were trying to become whole. They were trying to put themselves and their country together. They would be facing hard choices when they left this academy. And why would a condition of fearlessness that they would then be forced to be stronger?

The reality, the depth, and the persistence of the delusion of white supremacy in this country causes any real concept of education to be inoperative, and as much to be feared, as change or freedom itself. What black man here, born eleven years or more beginning to be clear all over the world. Whatever it is that white Americans want, it is not freedom—neither for themselves nor for others.

If you would like the book, Langston Hughes said, not me. Just write me. ☐

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by Anita Leclerc

# LITTLE BIG SHOTS

Good for cloak-and-dagger shooting or your next vacation, these pocket-size cameras are sure to get the picture.

Sip it out of your pocket, flip down the front cover (or slide it to the side), and you're ready to shoot—in case to soon, no less—conceal to someone. These new subcompact 35mm cameras have become immensely popular in the short time since the first was introduced in January 1979—and with good reason. Serious photographers and snapshooters alike find that portability is key. So is perfect protection against the dust that got away.

The problem with earlier 35s of similar size was that they took bulbous photos, which meant poorer resolution when the negative was enlarged. These babies, however, use attached 35mm film cartridges (see sidebar "1" = 35") exposures, and, most important, produce snappy, high-contrast prints and slides.

Like none of their bigger brothers, the smallest 35s require little more mystery of photographic technique than the old 35s. There's no need to fuss over what combination of f-stops and shutter speeds will give the right exposure, because built-in electronic meters take over most of the technical calculations. And, although the new 35s are filled with considerable talent, there are tiny electronic bugs and bugs and bugs as they go to work to extend the camera's flexibility.

The smallest, lightest—and probably—at the mighty price to the Minolta GL 1039. Only 6.7 ounces in an impressive little body it's a snap shot. When the time comes to shoot, the lens cover flips down and the lens slides out like an old-style folding camera. A range of microcontrols controls the aperture-primed automatic exposure system, since you've selected the lens opening, the camera automatically sets the appropriate shutter speed. The lens controls are concealed in a photograph, but because these

lenses are of 35mm focal length—on the wide-angle side, with good depth of field—precision focusing is usually not critical.

Only slightly less discreet than the GL is the Ricoh FF-1 (1243.50). Like the Minolta, it has a drop-down lens cover and a retractable lens. Inside, though, other things are going on. With its programmed automatic exposure, the FF-1 is specifically dust-proof. You simply leave the aperture at its "A" (or automatic) setting and the camera meters up its own mind about what combination of aperture and shutter settings suits the level of light. Only when the meter chooses a shutter speed below one-tenth of a second—which requires the addition of a flash at a tripod—does the camera notify you, with a red warning light that appears in the finder.

Unlike the other sizes, the Rollei 35 SE (1250) lets you control camera settings yourself, using an LCD measuring system in a gauge. You set the aperture then, looking through the viewfinder, adjust the shutter speed for the meter (or manually). A green light will signal "go" for correct exposure, and a red light will warn of under- or overexposure. Still, manual operation is an advantage if you want an extremely compact—for example, in delicate photography requiring a dust to achieve a special lighting effect.

The final word in subcompacts, though, is the Olympus XA (579.00). A marvel of sophisticated circuitry in so tiny an environment, a parabolic lens covers slides in the tube, exposing the optical axis to the measuring system. Like the Minolta, the XA offers aperture-primed automation, unlike any of the others, the camera memorizes a range factor for accurate focusing at all distances. In focus, you merely adjust a small lever under the lens. In select *af* operation, you set a sliding tab on the front of the camera, where it's easy to reach without accidentally shifting the focus setting. A bright orange shutter release protrudes in the slightest pressure—a safety feature, because such tiny springs can move and be held very steady when the release is pressed, or shots will be blurred by camera movement. There's also an electronic self-timer that flashes a red light and emits a noise little less in signal its operation. Clever. **Q**

The just-along going (clockwise from left): the Minolta GL 1039, the Rollei 35 SE, the Ricoh FF-1, the Olympus XA, and, in the magnifying glass, the Olympus XA again, with optics exposed.





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The fabled knees of E. J. Blahnik, a dozen operations later.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY W. KILPATRICK

It's the archaic joint,  
the weak link,  
the pivotal hinge for the  
modern athlete

# The Knee

by  
Rick  
Telandier

**I**T WAS A SPECIAL PRACTICE GAME AT Northwestern University, and I was dropping back from my right corner-back spot to fill the outside-third zone. The quarterback decided to run rather than throw, and everyone reacted. Blockers went low blockers—a particularly dangerous situation for defensive linemen, since the blockers could crack back easily.

Then I heard the sound. Or perhaps I only think I heard it, a vibration added later by my subconscious: the high, fierce, in-terror pop of distended ligaments and cartilage, followed by a very definite scream of pain from the left cornerback. He hadn't seen the split and curling back, head lowered, diving at his legs. The cornerback lay on the ground now, clutching his left knee. The split and stood silently nearby, his hands at his sides, looks of defiance, embarrassment, and confusion alternating across his face.

We all knew the cornerback's knee was gone; that he would need surgery; that his football career now depended on the success of that surgery, on rehabilitation, attitude, and a number of other things. We had seen it before many times. Over on the sideline the second-team left cornerback Rick Telandier knew in *Rollins, Florida*. This is his first article for *Esquire*.

back bounced up, ready to fill the vacancy I played ten years of football, and in no offending decades I never had knee problems. Anyone who makes it through with out a "knee" (there is pain for any and all knee damage, so it "I'm got a knee last week") generally counts that among his blessings. At college there were always a few players limping around in leg casts, and they were avoided almost as much as they were pitied. One of my friends at school, a 6'3", 235-pound tight end, a former high school All-American reduced to scrub status by a very bad, oft-operated-upon knee, found a measure of satisfaction in shocking people with his injury once his latest cast had been removed. While waiting next to someone in the cafeteria or on a stage, he would grab that person's hand and hold it on his knee while he moved his leg back and forth. It was a revolting action that never failed to bring a loud cry of disgust and chagrin from the corner of the head. Occasionally I would try to describe the sensation to people. The closest I could ever come was the feeling of

holding a mortar while whole pebbles are ground up within.

Simply stated, the knee was not designed for football. Or, far from that, for any other sport. "The joint itself hasn't changed in millions of years. It is as old as man," says Dr. Robert Kettner, a noted Los Angeles orthopedist. "In the earliest skeletons found, the knee joints are pretty much the same as they are today. The fact is, the human anatomy is simply not constructed for the games men play today." The knee has more than enough problems simply carrying its human cargo through such normal activities as walking, climbing stairs, and getting in and out of chairs—efforts that can put the equivalent of more than five times the weight of the body on the knee joint. Given the injuries and loads it must handle, the knee, says Dr. James A. Nicholas, founder of the prestigious Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Injuries at New York's Lenox Hill Hospital, is "the most poorly constructed joint in the body."

Even such nonaggressive sports as bicycling, jogging, and bowling take their toll on the knee. Deming can be dangerous (the hospital floor where Northwestern basketballers recuperated always seemed to have a woman or two who had succumbed at the latest weekend ball), so can long-





The knee has trouble enough carrying the normal cargo. It also has the awkward weight of a huge defensive lineman.

Photo: Bob Greer (with left) 1979

And just-faced Franklin Jacobs, who came from nowhere two years ago to set a world record in the indoor high jump at 7'3", has a bad right knee. Though he had played the knee several times while playing pickup basketball, the 3'6" Jacobs was in no real position to give up the game. "I got so much pleasure jumping up and banging my head on the rim that I just can't stop," he used to say. "But recently he has quit basketball for good, admitting that the stress of the lateral movements involved is too severe. "I'm putting all my energy into high jumping now," he says. "But, I can still hit my head on the rim, but I feel real sorry for anybody with a knee problem who has to play basketball."

Basketball can be bad for a high jumper's knee, but it's quite as bad for a player in league as football. "I used to say 'Only bad football players get hurt,'" admits O.J. Simpson, who recently had a career terminated by a series of knee injuries. "Now I sit. It's a violent game. Indeed, the very nature of the game is at odds with the design of the knee. It's designed with cleats in the ground, hating one another as hard as they can, preferably as far as possible."

The average NFL career is a mere 4 1/2 years, owing in large part to the attrition rate from knee injuries. Indeed, seemingly old-time players like Dick Butkus and Bubba Smith, those two heavy canons of the Miller Lite commercials, would likely be competing today were it not for their injured joints. Though recent statistics are not available, Dr. Nicholas, who has operated on Joe Namath's knees four times, found that between 1950 and 1970, 70 percent of all pro ball had knee surgery by the time they were twenty-six, and that, with few exceptions, all the quarterbacks had.

Last season some of the bigger names to go under the knife included quarterback Gary Danielson of the Lions, John Elway, Tim Lincecum, and Mark Anderson of the Cardinals, Charlie Waters of the Cowboys, Lou Lickert of the Chargers, Billy

"Whitaker," Johnson of the Oilers, and Eddie Lee Ivey of the Packers. The injury began early—San Francisco quarterback Scott Fahl was put on waivers in mid-August 1979 because he was recovering slowly from surgery—and ended late. Stan Siegel became the first White went into the college after losing ligaments in his knee in the January 27 Pro Bowl.

Though the prevalence of all injuries in football is currently a big issue, particularly after the paralytic blow dealt Donny Stender by Oakland's Jack Tatum (who, incidentally, had knee surgery last season, losses have a priority all their own. There was a devastatingly horrible moment in the 1978 Super Bowl game that seemed to capture the frenetic unreliability of knee injuries in the NFL. On the same play in which Dallas Cowboys' rookie back Tony Dorsett injured his knee and had to leave the game, defensive lineman John Gant of the Denver Broncos was hindered by a Dallas blocker. Though Gant's injury was captured at the tip of the mutant replay screen, his knee bowing in for a moment at a frightening angle, the commentators did not see it and made no comment. Nevertheless, two knees in one play in an NFL Super Bowl record.

Not all of football's knee injuries can be blamed on the sheer ferocity of the game, however. Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association, places artificial turf right up with the biggest evils. "We've been fighting against it since 1971," he says. "At first we believed the chemicals when they said artificial turf was good to reduce knee and ankle injuries by about eighty percent. We assumed they'd done some research. Later, before a congressional committee, we learned they hadn't. They were just take-along-studies. But it didn't take the players long to realize that there are more injuries on artificial turf—something that's been confirmed by every study we know of. Christ, I mean, it's anything but cocaine."

Neither is Garvey overly pleased with management's outlook on knee problems. "In terms of career-ending injuries, knees are the players' biggest problem. But, frankly, it's been somewhat irrelevant to management because there's this endless supply of athletes. So if a guy gets a knee it's just, uh, uh, part of the game. Management tends to see the inevitability about knee injuries, knees, and death."

If anything else, NFL management is aware of the dent that knee injuries can put in a club's wallet. "In rough figures I'd say knee injuries cost a club about a quarter-million dollars a year," states Jim Fries, general manager of the Chicago Bears. "Of course, it's quite variable. It can take a lot of players, or some with bad contracts, it can go any way above that figure. Here at the Bears we have no insurance for players' salaries or rehabilitation. Most clubs don't. You just have to figure it all in as operating expenses."

Another worry the clubs have is the number of lawsuits being leveled by players against the league, the teams, and their doctors. The Bears awarded Dick Butkus \$600,000 out of court rather than contend in class that his right knee was improperly cared for by their medical staff. Given the ever-increasing number of knee injuries, it's safe to assume that the litigious of suits is only just begun.

And, for all the talk of physical reasons, the knee is getting more attention than ever before. Just last year, orthopedic surgeons met around the world gathered in Lyons, France, for the first meeting of the International Society of Arthroscopy. In that talk, the emphasis on mechanical runs high, but it was a while before attitudes change drastically. "I think it's a matter of people in this industry not understanding as knee affects the very people who are involved in the game," says Dr. Peter Fazzolari, a former pro player. "It seems to me that players don't get all excited when they have knee surgery; they get excited when they die."

IN A RECENT AUTUMN AFTERNOON in Missouri, the St. Louis Cardinals football team practices at Busch Stadium. Deep inside the clubhouse, away from the sun and the action, sits John Oroszkowski, the Cardinals' head trainer. He is watching movie clips taken from various old and new Cardinals game films, all the segments showing the exact moment when a player suffered a knee injury. Properly spaced and edited, the film will be used by Oroszkowski in his two-hour

course for physical therapists entitled Knee Injuries: Pathology, Evaluation and Rehabilitation. Audiences listen to the trainer when he tells how he knows his stuff: the Cardinals have had as many as ten knee operations in one season.

"These here are cartilage," says Oroszkowski, holding up one hundred-foot roll of film. "They aren't as dramatic as ligaments but these are about both end-side and side-side cartilage, we usually get one segment that shows up pretty well." In studying the films the trainer hopes to be able to see patterns in the conditions responsible for knee injuries, and from there suggest possible rule and equipment changes. Similar studies helped bring about the outlawing of cross-body blocks and crack-backs by the end of the line of scrimmage, both maneuvers deadly to knees. In 1979, blocking below the waist (and behind the waist) was also made illegal.

Real in place, Oroszkowski draws the lights and flips on the projector. "Ugh, on the one we're looking for Number Fifty-six," Barry Miller is limping for an injury in 1973. He got a medial meniscus on a kickoff coverage. "After much inspection

Oroszkowski finally locates Number 58. He watches the player run straight down the field thirty yards, full-down, and not get up. The sideline camera reveals that the knee is touched first. From the end-side angle, however, one can see that as the player attempted to cut around a man, his right knee wobbled slightly to the outside. "That's all," says Oroszkowski. "Not too serious. He had surgery and came back in seven weeks."

The other film segments show an almost complete tendinitis to the muscles—sustained in warm and cold weather, by players hit from the side, backside, and behind. After three or four, attached—a disturbing situation for those who would make order of these chaotic events.

In 1975 the Miami Dolphins held a startling election on knees and had the most knee meniscus tears quarterback sacks. After careful analysis, team physician Virgil found no common factors for the nightmare total. "The players are simply succumbing to the torques of the game," he states. "Risky plays you got to make. It's just a matter of the inevitable during the forty a four-point-five seconds. Now we have players at the

bottom of piles screaming just from the ball-on or so of weight on the knee. Whenever you pick up the inside of the game, you make agony."

A final segment of the Cardinals film seems to bear out Virgil's analysis. On a routine passing play, lineman Ron Davis of the Cards rushes Washington's quarterback Billy Kilmer. Rushing back, Charlie Harris, says Davis, comes, looks his neck, and hits Davis low and hard. The way he was taught. It's very simple for Harris, a perfect block, for Davis, a perfect knee.

DENVER, KANSAS: THIRTY-NINE years is a wonder, complete former wide receiver for the New York Jets in the late summer of 1973 he had surgery on his left knee for the removal of cartilage and bone chips, evidence of damage sustained while reaching back for a pass during pre-season drills. Though team physician Nicholas expected him back in eight to twelve weeks, Knight did not recover until the 1976 season and, in fact, did not get his full cutting in his knee until 1977. In 1978 he was put on waivers.

Not only was Knight physically abnor-

## MICROSURGERY: THE INSIDE OPERATION

OVER THE PAST DECADE, AN ARTHROSCOPIC KNEE SURGERY RECOVER faster and with less risk of debilitating knee injury has advanced dramatically; orthopedic surgeons have better their work out for them. Their biggest hope in recent years has been the development of microsurgical techniques that appear to have no side-effects, no pain, no recovery, and no risk of infection.

The difference between conventional knee surgery and the microsurgical variety, as one surgeon explains, "is like the difference between carpentry and watchmaking." Whereas the conventional surgery requires a three- to six-inch scar that severs muscles and other tissue, microsurgery can be performed through two or three tiny incisions in the skin, each perhaps only an inch long. The procedure causes little or no postoperative pain and only minor tissue damage; the small wounds heal quickly, but neither do not deteriorate from disuse, and rehabilitation is rapid.

When makes these amazing procedures possible is an instrument called the arthroscope, a pencil-sized device that can be introduced into the knee through a tiny hole, allowing a doctor to examine the joint and determine the extent of cartilage or ligament damage. Until recently, arthroscopy (which means, literally, "looking inside the joint") was used strictly for diagnosis, but refinements in the arthroscope and in the microscopic tools that it carried through a channel at its base made possible knee surgery without an incision.

The benefits of arthroscopy are neatly apparent. Because microsurgery causes far less pain than conventional surgery, the anesthesia required, though general, is relatively mild, reducing the shock to the system and the attendant risk of complications. And although the procedure itself takes much longer than conventional surgery, thereby increasing the surgeon's fee, the over-

all cost of microsurgery is far lower because the patient is usually released from the hospital within two days, as opposed to the one or two weeks usually required for conventional postoperative hospitalization.

"There is very little pain or discomfort," says Dr. William Hunkeler, a proponent of microsurgery, who is the orthopedic surgeon for the New York City Police. "Most patients are able to walk the night of the operation without crutches or canes. There's no cost involved—usually just a couple blood-aid."

Hunkeler thinks the biggest advantage to microsurgery is the reduced recovery time. "When you open a decent knee, it's an almost complete three-month minimum before he can do his own thing. Complete recovery takes six months, although I had one extraordinary case of a doctor who was performing two weeks after having a portion of his cartilage removed."

Microsurgery, however, is not the panacea for all knee injuries requiring surgery. Arthroscopy is now considered primarily in lower damaged tissue from the knee, usually cartilage, and it cannot be used to reconstruct torn ligaments, the most severe common knee injury and the one most often suffered by football players. Critics of microsurgical procedures also claim that the limited size of the arthroscope makes it impossible to remove sufficient cartilage to repair some damaged knees. "I've seen a number of cases over the last few years in which a player has had a knee surgery and then he comes back down to one big question: Have recent advances produced significant improvements in the durability of surgical repairs?" says Hunkeler. "We hope they have. It certainly seems to be a better state of the art... but the big hooker is here—the big catch—is that we will have to wait five to ten years to find out whether or not these procedures are really working, whether we're really getting a better result."

—R.F.



by the best major injury of his career, but he discovered it was things gradually, too. As he sits in his home in Alexandria, Virginia, where he's finishing up work on a master's degree in library science at George Mason University, he ponder's that episode once. "I heard out what a player with a lot of knee means in a team," he says. "I remember cutting to my right and hearing that second knee, a huge tearing, like a whole magazine torn in half, and I was there to start last performance, and I was in the left offensive coordinator, saying, 'Stat, trying to do too much too soon.' Not 'Hey, are you okay?' But he says, 'Why'd this guy get hurt? He's got to be tough if we were to start last performance.'"

Knight stretches his knee, which still bothers him a great deal, and winces for his pet bird, Spike, who is dying loose through the house. Spike comes over the couch and lands on Knight's finger.

Everybody in the NFL is curious. The players probably most of all. You are a guy go-down with a knee and you get that still night away, and then your next thought is, 'Well, better than this one.' Everything is so traumatic to the players. I remember like Earl Campbell—I've heard his knee they'll forget him as fast."

That feeling of insecurity, Knight adds, is the reason so many ballplayers hurry their recovery time, only to start worse damage the second time around. "I know that's how I would've got my knee. I'd already hurt it a little two weeks before, but I went to get back out. I was just this stupid white recovery nobody gave a damn about."

Collectors of rehabilitation are misunderstood by almost everyone, from physicians to owner to player. Though no one's laboratory tests have shown that surgically reconstructed ligaments may be only 90 percent as strong as original after a full year of recovery, everyone in football has his E. J. Hahn story—about the player who defied all prognoses and came back weeks, even months, early.

"It gets to the point where you don't know whether you really are hurt—whether it's your knee or your head," said Knight, who comes as frustrated with his own recovery as he is with spending time on hormones resting up on knees, even wearing boots at classical tennis sets but the knee doctor to the trainer about his knee.

Knight watches Spike fly past the stereo and land on the turntable. "I really think casual rehabilitation, a psychiatrist or something, would be a good idea to make recovery faster," says Knight. Lou Gammons, the last roommate with the Jets, doesn't think about it like I do. He had knee surgery in 1997, but he likes being hurt. He's with the Eagles now. He tells me how when he's old he wants to be old over and over and over so he'll know he played the game."

FOR THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Dick Butkus, whose pro career was ended in 1973 by knee damage, rehabilitation is as long as the problem. Simply getting around is.

In 2001, after three years as an NFL Pro middle linebacker for the Bears, Butkus's knees were damaged so badly that once people turned him to refuse. Instead he played for five more years, often after surgery, until he could no longer play. By then his right knee had degenerated so far that the femur and tibia were beginning to wear away on the inside, making Butkus more and more limping. An arthroscopy in 1975, his third operation, made the knee at least functional again but reduced the length of his right leg by half an inch.

For a time after he gave up football, Butkus tried to lead a quiet, doing a few TV shows and commercials. But he really admits that, best as he could, the Halcyon life is not his style. The \$300,000 settlement he received from the Bears for his injury has given him the freedom to search for a new profession, a search he still carries on.

For the time being he works as a financial public-relations man for Novak Industries in tiny Lake Ridge, Florida. Run by the eccentric former wild-goose collector Arthur Novak, Novak produces elaborate corporate machines—devices that use friction and ammonia-sloped cars, rather than wheels, for movement. The machines and other items like the Cyber II, the Ultratone, the Fitmax—are not improvements in the concrete-rehabilitation process, since they can wear machines through a full range of negative and positive responses without the lifting part of breaking down weight. Attached to computer units and graphs, they can give accurate records of a player's strength and recovery, made by muscle, in every range of motion. Coaches and scout love the machines because they eliminate guesswork. Butkus did not use the machines for his knees because they would not have helped him recover.

On a warm winter day he greets me in the Novak's office, cup of coffee in hand, and leads me on a tour of the company's massive compound. He is still an imposing figure—tall, dark, with a thick, dark beard and a few white hairs on his head. A face that a few years ago would have been the face of a Chicago Bear. The last time he was in the Chicago Bears, he was a middle linebacker. He had a head injury that he had finally hit a van head on to kill him. He had, though, then got God. Hughes had died of a heart attack.

Butkus walks slowly through the complex, pointing out the company's research

area, its prototype shop, its computer lab, its doctor's offices, and the site where athletes' cottages will be built. "Somebody will be the Steve Clay of sports science," he states. He talks at some length about Eric Soderstrom of the White Sox, who came to Novak in 1976, lived as a trainer, met with trainers, and worked on his badly damaged knee. Though doctors had said he'd never play football again, Soderstrom played for five more years, after surgery, until he could no longer play. By then his right knee had degenerated so far that the femur and tibia were beginning to wear away on the inside, making Butkus more and more limping. An arthroscopy in 1975, his third operation, made the knee at least functional again but reduced the length of his right leg by half an inch.

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Byron W. Smith and Dick Butkus, 30, in 1976. Smith is wearing a Bears jersey.

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Volume 14 Number 1 2000

## Sweater Report

**T**HE FORECAST FOR THIS AUTUMN: cool and crisp, as usual. Time to throw on a new sweater or two. Only this year it isn't sweaters as usual. Just a glance at sweater counters reveals an abundance of new choices, from lightweight multihood pullovers to heavily textured cardigans that can take the place of jackets. It's hard not to see at once that knit patterns are everywhere. Bold stripes and hard-edged geometrics have breathed new life into the perennial pullover. Strikingly colors, often

played against one another in unusual combinations, provide a further measure of interest. However, when attracting the most notice is ten-tars, which range from soft, dense blends of wool and luxury fibers to the strongest, abrasively woven of hand-knapp pines. In fact, the proliferation of hand-knit sweaters, a breakaway of rough textures and deep cut the colors, is unprecedented.

Since this is our college issue, we decided to ask the college students who you some of the fully knit sweaters. The answer was that of a fashion seminar. This doesn't mean that these sweaters are strictly for college students, in fact, some

of them are well beyond any student's budget. But our students had a great time wearing them and looked terrific, too—stylish, comfortable, and very much at ease.

Take our three-some in the photograph here. The sweaters they're showing you are a trio of updated classics: dean-cut, traditional shapes that are frankly collegiate in origin. Not exactly preppy, but they wouldn't be out of place at Andover either. Does

parasite. Tracey Peterson (right) didn't leave all the moss sweaters to the men. She's wearing Boston Traders' crew-neck pullover with saddle-shoulder detailing. Tracey is studying pre-veterinary medicine at Somerset County College in North Branch, New Jersey.

What all these sweaters share is an eye-opening sensibility that also earns lots of high marks for good looks. But as you'll see, there are more alternatives in the cases that follow—

[illegible]

**GETT**  
Manufactured  
under tight  
quality control  
in England. At  
least, the  
Pommes-Les  
are 100% of  
English origin.

**RIGHT**  
Crossed up  
over the 2001  
to 2002 season  
in France  
France 2001  
to 2002  
to 2002



**LEFT:** Striped sweater (left), brushed-cotton shirt (right), normal-weight (left) all by Alexander Julian. Sweater (right) by Top Gun. Sweater (left) by Top Gun.

**RIGHT:** Sweater (left) and sweater (right) all by Top Gun. Sweater (left) by Top Gun. Sweater (right) by Top Gun.

**S**TRAIGHT AND NARROW or cutting a wider track, stripes look better than ever. What you're most likely to find are new color combinations in striped sweaters of all weights, from airy shirtings to heavy ribbed knits. There's nothing bookish about the sweater worn by Philippe Browman (left), a Harvard freshman who's studying English. His all-wool pullover by Gianfranco Flaminio has four thin, different-colored stripes that are actually raised bands woven into the ribbed knit of the sweater. In counterpoint, the smooth shetland-wool pullover worn by Keith Dandap (right), a senior in English at Columbia University, catches the eye with its wider stripes in varied tones. Keith's sweater, by Alexander Julian for Pringle of Scotland, is sparked by narrow contrasting stripes at the crew neck.



**CENTER:** Sweater (left) of Giorgio Armani. Sweater (right) of Calvin Klein.

**LEFT:** Pullover (left) by Tom Rickard. All (right), from (left) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (left) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (right) by Tom Rickard.

**RIGHT:** Sweater (left), sweater (right), sweater (left) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (right) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (left) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (right) by Tom Rickard.

**RIGHT:** Sweater (left) and sweater (right) all by Tom Rickard. Sweater (left) by Tom Rickard. Sweater (right) by Tom Rickard.

**T**HERE'S ANOTHER school of thought in sweaters this year—bold geometric designs, often grounded against black. These sweaters are simply cut, allowing the crisp patterns to play. David Herberly-Webb (left) shows off a solid example in a wool knit-neck pullover by Don Michael, which displays an asymmetrical zig-zag stripe that wraps around the chest and cascades down. Another crisscross style is worn by Adam Dixon (center), a junior studying English at Harvard. His lightweight wool sweater styled like a polo shirt, by Fiorucci, boasts a wide rally stripe down the center. Mark Gladson (seated) wears a patterned wool crew neck by Giorgio Armani U.S.A. They all get an approving smile from Barney Stanley, a second-year student at Rensselaer Institute of Technology, in New York City.



**LEFT:**  
Sweater  
about \$100  
by Armani.  
Jacket: Ar  
Sungar. Also  
look. Buttons  
about \$100 to  
\$150. Jacket  
about \$100 to  
\$150. Sweater  
about \$100 to  
\$150. Jacket  
about \$100 to  
\$150.

**RIGHT:**  
Sweater about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Jacket about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Sweater about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Jacket about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Sweater about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Jacket about  
\$100 to \$150.

**F**OR DRESSIER OCCASIONS, you can substitute an extraordinary sweater for a sport jacket. Here are two of the more interesting choices for such a role. Adams (left) wears a specially knit Brown Brothers wool pullover sweater with a distinctive pickered texture. The unbuttoned collar and low-buttoning front closure, which make this sweater close like a cardigan, show off plenty of shirt and tie. The zip-front cardigan worn by Mark (right) is a luxurious wool-and-silpaca blend. Almost a jacket, this New Bon design features leather trim on the shoulder and pockets and a knit lining for extra warmth. It's layered over a sweater basic—a leatherweight wool V-neck by Jaeger. Combine sweaters such as these with a tie, and you'll look as pulled together and as relaxed as our college students do.



**ON**  
SWEATERS  
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Sweater about  
\$100 to \$150.  
Jacket about  
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\$100 to \$150.

**W**ERE ALMOST AS excited as they are about the hard-text sweaters that are exploding everywhere this fall. Rich colors, rough primitive textures, and novel patterns make a hard-text sweater something to treasure for years. Phoebe (left) wears a Fox Isle pullover of hand-spun yarn by Manos del Uruguay. Mark (center left) keeps warm in a hand-knit Perry Ellis tartanneck with an intricate argyle design. David (bottom center) picks a heavy ruled pullover from Tysca by Lena Pearson. Adams (right) stands tall in a cardigan smoking-jacket sweater with a ribbed and cabled design, by Ron Chernskin. Barrie (on shoulders, left) gives a lead cheer, while Roth (center) and Tracey (upper right) join in the fun. Tracey wears an extra-heavy zip-front mesh sweater jacket by Manos del Uruguay.



An Old Sport, a Good Fellow,  
a Blue Corsage, and Rule

## The 1889 Super Bowl

by  
**Peter Schuch**

**F**REDERICK SCHUCH, Jr., my father, was twelve years old in 1889. Born in Albany but having spent his entire boyhood in New York City, he was, for reasons I have never completely followed, the most ardent of Princeton fans. A youngster who attended New York public schools and later attended City College, he had never even seen Princeton, let alone had any connection with the university, and I suspect that his entire knowledge of it came from the sports pages. But somehow, when he was twelve, he adopted Princeton as his college, and he associated it with high romance, clarity, and a kind of almost notably missing enthusiasm of the perhaps admirable Yale luteal, dull, go-to-sleep chap and Harvard (stony-faced, humorless intellectual). There clearly was no other college worth mentioning.

In those early years of American football, not only was there no professional football, but college football was completely dominated by the Big Three: Yale,

Princeton, and Harvard. In 1889 Casper Whitney and Walter Camp picked the very first All-America team, and it consisted of eleven players—five from Princeton and three each from Harvard and Yale. (Yale still more than a decade later did players from such midwestern universities as Chicago and Michigan gain consideration.) In football terms, the South and the Far West simply didn't exist at that time. Both Princeton and Yale had decisively beaten Harvard in the fall of 1888, and each was undisturbed as their game against each other was to be for the championship.

Since such a large number of alumni from both colleges were living or working in the New York City area, the decision had been made a couple of years earlier to stage the Yale-Princeton game in the city. The demand for tickets had far outstripped the modest seating accommodations that then existed on the two campuses. Apart from that, the one-lane-old-civil sound-by-journey to Princeton or the back-of-the-ship rule took to New Haven and back, plus the time for the game itself, required starting out soon after the crack of dawn and not getting home from campus until just before mid-



night. Many people made a two-day affair of it, unconsciously spending either Friday night or Saturday night at the scene of the game (thus avoiding the need to make two such lengthy trips in one day), but that was expensive, and it wasn't fun. Watching the game at a fairly midway point—New York City, with its several large ball parks that could seat many thousands of people—made good sense. From 1887 to 1894 the Princeton-Yale game became an annual city fixture, and what excitement it generated! It was the Super Bowl of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Each year the Yale contingent camped in their headquarters in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel at Madison Square. A little further uptown, the Princeton partisans took over the Murray Hill Hotel. On the evening of the game, starting at ten o'clock, a staggeringly long procession of carriages, furnished either with blue or with orange-and-black bunting, started up the avenue to the strains of "Bright College Years" or "Old Nassau." In each column, the men flaunted their respective college colors, wearing hats and scarves of the appropriate hue, the women wore corsages of violets or of chrysanthemums,

depending upon which college was their favorite. Along the entire length of Fifth Avenue, the thousands of partisans, shouts, cheers, and restaurants celebrated the occasion and showed their hospitality by living large bonfires for both universities (unless the owner was an alumnus of Yale or of Princeton). Finally the parade would reach the aptly designated site: the Borchers Oval, north of Central Park, in 1889—as opposed to other years, when the game had been played at the old Polo Grounds, Eastern Park in Brooklyn, or Marston Field. Large wicker baskets were suspended from each carriage, filled with luncheon delicacies catered by the hotels and by gourmet purveyors and accompanied by a lot of liquid refreshment, and a great communal picnic took place on the grass and under the trees surrounding the grandstand. This day was a party day, no matter who won the game, and everyone would later return downtown for a all-night celebration.

Still, the important thing was the game itself. In 1889, as in years past, reserved seats had been completely commandeered by the Yale and Princeton students and by alumni, who were entitled to apply

**THE 1889  
Princeton and Yale  
outback issues. When they  
played, Kasselton L.  
"Swain" Ames, the  
athletic, landed over the  
Yale goal line, and Ralph  
H. Warren, a Tiger end,  
set on the ball for a  
touchdown. Jackie Hecker  
Cowan fell on another  
Ames and made the  
afternoon in New York a  
Princeton triumph, 35-6.  
Total Tigers points scored  
in the 1889 season: 651.  
Total points scored against  
them: 29.**

Princeton grad Peter Schuch  
is chairman of the editorial board at  
Stern & Schuch, where he  
has been an editor for many years.

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for them and who would no more have thought of skipping their personal letters than they would have considered selecting their authors. But in the case today with certain chronically attractive sporting events, such as the World Series, a block of first-class (first-serve) reserved seats were always put aside to be sold in the morning of the game to the general public, and this in whatever order the seats.

Pop received a weekly allowance from his own Pop, and he also earned a small amount of money as a summer job—through 1911 he had regularly, if sporadically, saved a little extra each week in order to build up the vast sum that would be needed to buy a general-admission ticket to the Yale-Princeton game once the great day actually rolled around. Now in December, he had the money, but he knew he had to be in New York city in the morning to be sure that the lowest stock of such tickets wasn't exhausted before he got to the window. Rickoff wasn't scheduled until early afternoon, but the box office window opened at nine o'clock in the evening. Some particularly brazened cohorts would bring blankets and pillows and actually sleep on the grounds in front of the window in order to be among the very first in line, but that wasn't really necessary and besides, Pop's mother wouldn't let him do that. But one did make some sandwiches and cocoa and get the silver clock for 5:00 A.M. so that, with a little haste, he could join the line before six o'clock.

**C**O-ARMED WITH A long, narrow, carefully pointed cigarette, with orange- and black stripes, and bandied up with a well-worn cap and black scarf with a red-clawed knitted cap, Pop rode his way up town on the trolley heaves before the big fashionable carriage parade was even scheduled to start on so long waiting Fifth Avenue. Well before six o'clock he was firmly established in line, no more than thirty feet from the window, and as far as getting into the game was concerned, he knew he was safe. He now had a three-hour wait until the window opened, however, he was started to look around for a diversion. He did not have her to look.

Directly behind him in the line were a man and a woman, both in their early thirties. On any other occasion Pop would have thought them a very attractive-looking couple, but the man wore a jaunty Mac feather with a white V striped across it in the lapel of his coat, along with a blue and white striped tie, and she had a small bouquet of blue violets pinned to her coat lapel. The man's tie.

No one can be more sure, more cautious, and generally more objectionable

in a decent society than a twelve-year-old boy who has decided to make a career of being objectionable in a particular occasion. In between bouts of his sandwiches and sips of his cocoa, Pop listened this couple with his available view on the glories and the splendor of Princeton and the independence and business of Yale. Fortunately, neither Pop at the top of his voice while automatically blowing his horn, these facts would be repeated this afternoon as those titans of nobility, Princeton's indefatigable Hector Coates, Edgar Allen Poe, and Snake Jones, made momentous out of these highly ornate Yale stories. Fudge Hefflinger, Charlie Gill, and Aaron Alonzo Strang. Demosia tied with him in Pop's ornate style, and it didn't take him down one whit when the Yale couple quietly confided their remarks to the fact that the Yale team also was undefeated, and that earlier competitive scores against other teams indicated that the game was a toss-up. Pop took in the notes of their friendly good manners and continued to turn all his twelve-year-old defiance in their teeth.

**F**INALLY THE BOX office window opened and the ticket buyers slowly moved forward. As Pop moved the window, he dug down into his pants pocket for his precious money. It wasn't where he had so carefully tucked it just before leaving the house! Frantic, he searched all his other pockets, but it was hopeless. Somewhere, somewhere, he had lost the money, or it had been stolen. The line had come to a complete standstill as Pop continued his desperate, unending search, and among many cries of "Where's Let's go!" came from those behind. The tears had long since passed the point of swelling up in Pop's eyes. Now they were flowing down both cheeks in a storm.

At that point, the young man with the V feather in his hat grimly pulled my jacket slightly aside, stepped up to the window, and said, "Three, please." He turned to Pop, thrust one of the tickets into his hand, and said, "Princeton, absolutely here in good luck to you." Without waiting for the funds of the emotion-shattered and, for once, alone boy, the young man tucked the young woman's hand into his arm and moved off happily. I imagine that, sympathetic as he was to Pop's situation, he could not imagine sitting next to him throughout the game. After all, he had a more compatible, quieter companion!

When my father told me this story, he finished it this way: "Since that day, whenever Yale and Princeton meet each other, I continue to root for Princeton. But at Princeton's playing some other college, I'm a hundred-percent Yale man!"



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**CALIFORNIA COOPRAGE**



# The Happy Hour

by Alfred Kazin

**COURSE DESCRIPTION:** One of America's most distinguished professors of literature introduces a class of urban students to the enchantments of modern poetry. **PREREQUISITES:** Some grasp of the fragmentary nature of contemporary life; feelings of angst and awe; a good sense of rhythm. **Th. 6:00-8:00 P.M.**

My class in modern poetry meets in midtown New York, in a room so noisy that it could just as well be taking place on the street corner outside. And it meets at the cocktail hour, or what other people enjoy as the "happy hour"—which means that students going straight from job to class stare off hunger pains with peanuts, coffee, and pizza slices that often, in the heat of class discussion, fall to the floor and invariably mark up their copies of *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry*.

So what with the desperate nibbling from us to right, the pointing from the diner class just over our heads, and the waiting of ambulances down Lexington Avenue, our weekly journey into the grand and laughly world of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and Wallace Stevens, which in the end may be a great experience, on the spot feels hot, bothered, tense.

Poetry is not prose, as most people do not read it at all. Poetry is not prose, so it gets itself not so much read as waded—on something special, formal, complex, and highly ordered, like one of the ancient languages. The further you go back in time, the more complex and difficult the structure of language becomes. Poetry is really an ancient language. Like other languages, it is a *technique* of itself. Young people whose life is to become poets—who will be reading poetry for themselves, which is even more unusual than writing poetry—find themselves, as T. S. Eliot did as a boy at St. Louis, communicating with a poem in a language they can't yet read. Real poetry is highly structured even when it is a love verse, poetry without a definite metrical arrangement. If the poem has no inner structure but is just a typographical arrangement on the page, it is pseudo-poetry. Robert Frost defined this loose poetry as playing tennis without a net. The essence of a poem, one that is deeply felt as a poem and does not just look like one, is the beat, the ongoing rhythm of the whole. This rhythm begins in the consciousness, the marvelous compression that then works in poetry music, by these sheer words, far more than words do elsewhere. When you put together the beat, the right metrical



THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL BEATON  
ELIOT WAS BORN IN ST. LOUIS IN 1898. HE DIED IN LONDON IN 1962

form, the rhythm, the clusters of words beginning with the same letter, the repetition and echoing of word endings or of vowel sounds in the middle of words, you notice from these forms how old poetry is, how long the art of poetry has been practiced by the human race.

Poetry's emphasis on an elaborate pattern of sound is so that poetry was not read long before people could read it. It is more natural to remember a poem than a piece of prose, for the mind falls into the poem's pattern. The art of remembering often depends on having a piece of reduced information into rhythm and rhyme. Poetry always begins in some state of inner awareness that asks for public expression. The arrangement and repetition of sounds in poetry correspond even to our awareness of our heart throbbing, our lungs expanding, the different ways in which, when walking, dancing, singing, climbing, making love, we move our hands and feet in a pattern that is expected. To surely that expectation gives us pleasure. The most elemental change in life—and poetry may be one of them—occurs most fully, more elaborately designed, than we realize as we perform them.

Poetry is old, so old that a poem written today may recall stages of human growth that the individual can hardly remember in himself. Like music and dance, poetry is sacred in the body. It is a purely physical act of union, the physician and poet Oliver Wendell Holmes demonstrated the connection between the stress of traditional athletic (box) and the rhythmic rhythm of the heart. Certain poems can bring us sudden tears, touching even momentary dissociation. The poet A. E. Housman said:

Experience has taught me, when I am viewing of a mirror, to keep watch over my thoughts, because, if a line of poetry strikes into my memory, my skin trembles so that the mirror cracks to

act.... The seat of this sensation is the pit of the stomach." Emily Dickinson said: "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold as fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only ones I know it. Is there another way?"

Yes, Emily Dickinson, there is another way of reading poetry. Especially by people who never read poetry for pleasure, by themselves, and so are so afraid of it as if it were a totally foreign language. And then there is the problem of modern (meaning deliberately elevated) poetry. Although Shakespeare is far more brilliant, subtle, and complex than any modern poet, people lightly assume that Shakespeare, being more than three hundred years dead, is more "tough" than, say, E. E. Cummings. The people who not automatically accept the distinction of the human face and figure in a Picasso will frown and suffer at encountering in E. E. Cummings lives like

I my father passed through doors of love  
though none of us thought bars of love

Cummings is just being witty about the obvious fact that love can be confusing.

But the more you love (or so he says) the more you have. Cummings is consciously modern, innovative, provocative. The means to startle you so the reader who thinks that Shakespeare is so similar to him as the American flag cries out that Cummings is a bad boy is, truly, in surprising new life, that of Cummings in antiquity, and his "something new" in

on the order of an advertising copywriter's attempt by some desperate arrangement of lines to get your attention.

Another and unexpected development in modern poetry is that writing the demented stuff is just about more popular than reading it. Poetry has become a favorite medium or therapy in this narcissistic age. I have looked into the matter carefully and can report that there are now 2,578,000 more poets in the United States, Argentina, and the Western Isles of Scotland than there were thirty-five years ago. The poet Philip Levine, who teaches the writing of poetry, and a famous English poet in his class and was approached by a student, "I said to have my own poetry read." I discovered in the Soviet Union several amazingly undistinguished fellows who called themselves as "poet" on their visiting cards.

Although my students get a firmwood, boisterous look of anxious attention each time I bring out a new poem by a famously difficult poet, it is also true that modern poetry is "in." Certain poets are legends, as famous as or public as the Beatles. By now E. E. Cummings' hysterical poems are as well known as Shakespeare's. Dylan Thomas, a performer, public drinker, and much more than a poet, his bedroom was as big a media event as the Bobby Zimmerman who in homage to the poet became Bob Dylan. Robert Frost, recently established and a supposed failure until he was forty, became so famous and dominating that he publicly stamped on other people's books. Presumably everybody knows by now that T. S. Eliot's first wife was a Catholic convert and that his most coherent anti-Semitic invective in the Italian Fascist radio, that

Wallace Stevens was the vice-president of an insurance company in Hartford, Connecticut. In the 1930s, Allen Ginsberg and his devotedly heard decorated more posters and were featured at more political rallies than now seems believable. I once heard James Dickay talk—mostly about his Harley-Davidson motorcycle—to an audience of college girls who squealed all through the performance as though kipped up by a rock band.

But is the poetry of certain poets as well known as their lives, their marriages, their drinking? Often the body of the poet's work is (as it reflects a point of view, a certain glamour) the legend of the poet's intellectual difference from ordinary mortals. But the poem alone, the poem in itself, is often mysterious. "April is the cruellest month," the first line of *The Waste Land*, is now as much a part of the language as "Pearl spots and seven years ago." By the 1940s a box-set-and-a-half movie, actually had the box set, as

Agree in the crucial moment" is the last thought of it himself. But in *The Waste Land*—that famous poem of our human condition published almost sixty years ago, a poem that has been both praised, emulated, taught, wronged for every possible symbol and meaning in it if it were the Bible or the deck slot of Richard Nixon—in *The Waste Land* poem for itself alone, in it faced head only? Can the poem alone be approached and engaged with the same confidence with which we make ourselves familiar with T.S. Eliot the famous poet? T.S. Eliot the legendary American expatriate who became a British subject—and an Anglo-American iconoclast? T.S. Eliot, with whom no scholars of modernism or postmodernism can disagree, was a poet who was never really, never fully comfortable in the country dreamed mad and dry because Eliot had become, simply, the biggest name in the business?

The *Waste Land* is, as my friend said, hard to follow. *Did not mean to be so hard to follow*, *did not mean it to be anything particularly bad* the poem eventually became. But he also *did not make it what it eventually became*. When Eliot wrote it, he worked in Lloyd's Bank in London, and he exchanged letters with his boss about his difficult wife, Vivienne, and someone about his own sexuality. He had not burned off from his very proper parents in St. Louis; in fact, his father had cut him off for marrying an English woman of doubtful status. In addition to bearing all those personal expenses, he had to support a family of five in a London workhouse (reviewer: "he had the helpings of peas, white bread, and salted butter which he himself called malted blackouts. While still in England, he had tried to join the U.S. Navy and was rejected for medical reasons"). As the close of the First World War has a note of the poem: "The Londoners were beginning to send Eliot to a boarding school, to Eliot court with a long letter (undecipherable manuscript that Pound had given me and always slipped under other people's poetry) that in one coded-line with such perfect instinct for the emotional suffering that is the burden of the poem that *The Waste Land* is in, we know it has been taken over since as a manuscript of love, and as a symbol of the modern."

[illegible]

divided man from his past, from his God, from his deepest instincts for justice and cohesivity. At the center of the poem was the troubled mind and heart of an expatriate American made rootless against his will and against his deepest beliefs—cut off from country and family and from an unstable wife, whose ethnic reproaches can be heard in such haunting passages as

"My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, but, stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak. What are you thinking of? What thinking? What? I never know what you are thinking. Think."

[illegible]

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this airy nothing? From what  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats  
And the dead swallows that wicker an echo;  
And the tiny honey-soot forgets of woe,  
There is a shadow under the red rock,  
Where he sits, shrouded with a glass  
Of hope; but I shall show you something different from either  
Your shadow or morning dreaming belated,  
And your shadow of evening, to be sure you  
I tell these, you face as a faithful friend.



What happens when we follow the progression of these lines is a return to a past that is lost: our individual past, that it is some haunting memory of the race. Hesse said that poetry is the past that breaks out in our hearts. No individual secret is revealed here; no profound language unfolded. But it is "whereof books

images," the words and then the lines in series, the cumulative voice of their steady thread, that brings us back. The effect is enchantment, an unknowing. We have somehow made our way to another land. And we move about in this land to the irresistible rhythms that is the life of poetry.

Enchantment is to get away, to roam, to escape into the other land. Only this world is our inner world. In some way we have connected with our own "dreams of consciousness," as William James first called it, through the rapidly alternating scenes, the shifting metaphors. Metaphor identity seems to transfer. As if the words transfer, shifting the same emotional passage from image to image, not only are we turned back into another world of dreams, latent, and straining, but we have the happy sense of being able to hold many things in our minds at once.

A narrative prose can't be holding as straight as a ruler: word after word, sentence after sentence, scene after scene. Within fiction, that Ballou once lamented, is like posing a pencil up a hill with your nose. Poetry is more a matter of condensing words, packing each one in, then laying them out in a pattern for rhetorical effect. Words as pattern is what immediately attracts us to poets. But what makes the accumulating lines in *The Right Level* so effective is that the rhythm they start up on our minds gives us a terrific sense of moral power and freedom. Sprung up from these words, we accomplish many different experiences, we move it one through many ethics and issues.

*The Wander Land* is a successful epic poem. There is the rare velvety sense, in reading a real epic, of moving through unexpected space, of being a conquistador of new worlds. This feeling was expressed gloriously by Keats, speaking of his gratitude at discovering Homer in Chapman's translation:

Of a new wife appearing I have told  
That sleep-thrill'd flowers smile an lot dearest  
Yet never did I breathe its pure perfume  
Till I heard Chrysomel speak out loud and bold.  
Then told I like some witcher of the stones  
What a new planet, entering into his ken  
By the great star Cetus when with his right eye  
He start'd of the Pleiades and all his train  
Look'd at each other with a wild amazement  
Slept, upon a peak in Damer.

During the happy hour my students may not be drinking anything stronger than Coke. But certain beers in The Ninth Land sometimes hit them more strongly than a shot of Jack Daniels.

The men's tent is broken; the tent fingers of lead  
Quilt and sink in the wet bank. The wind  
Crosses the brownland unheeded. The symbols are dispersed  
Swamp thorns, run softly till I find my bones.  
The river leaves no empty bottles, abandoned papers,  
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
Or other testimony of summer ugliness. The symbols are dispersed  
And their friends, the laughing huts of city directions,  
Deserted, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Lebanon I sat down and wept . . .  
Sweet Thamos, run withy all I end my song  
Sweet Thamos, run withy for I speak not loud or long  
But at my back is a cold blast, I hear  
The rattle of the bones, and shudder from east to west



Shin, the brown-faced refugee from China, confesses himself at this point to be "shook." *Latvian States Island* says, "I find it right here." He admits to being a little "scared." Why scared, *Latvian States Island* has heard, this has become another too personal to discuss with a teacher.

Myra, who teaches English in a Bronx high school and is taking her Master's so she can get a needed "augmentation of income" (Myra tells very gently), knows that these lines contain quotations from a marriage hymn by Richard Spenser, the Old Testament, and Andrew Marvell: "To His Coy Mistress." Myra points out to the class that *But at my back is a cold blast I hear* is a parody of Marvell's *And at my back I always hear/Thine angry choir hurrying near*.

And why, dear students, is parody not funny but, indeed, scary? Especially when Eliot goes on to say:

But at my back from first to last I hear  
The sound of home and nursery, which shall bring  
Summer to Mrs. Porter in the spring,  
O the moon shall brighten Mrs. Porter  
And on her daughter:  
There wait their feet as in olden days.



As we sit back and become the passive has-been, we're understanding to say about some something in our lives, some subtle falling-off. As when you wake up in the morning after a night of really heavy dreams, then find yourself unable to throw off that mood for hours: in the night your mind went off on some mysterious track and now you have returned to the "ordinary" world, as they call it. But still reminds you that your world is never ordinary. All this life, waking or asleep, you have been brought to the edge of, and you know it. You know that the world is a vast, unstaffed ocean, pasted closely together in an inscrutable order. In fact, the faces look like outposts. In fact, so much has happened to us, in happening right now, is forever going on, that without the compression and positive emotions that are the life of poetry, we are overwhelmed but still too-dumb-to die creatures would not be able, even, to do justice to the actual fact with which we

and with their own capacities. Words are poetic because as they connect their own lives to the world, Most people use words as if they were objects, and they are. Words are poetic because as they connect their own lives to the world, Most people use words as if they were objects, and they are. Words are poetic because as they connect their own lives to the world, Most people use words as if they were objects, and they are.

After the midnight and on twenty fairs  
After the busy silence in the gardens  
After the spring is many phases  
The shouting and the crying





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In the end, *The Waste Land* is a poem about history as well as a poem that causes from the "agency in every place" of T. S. Eliot. And what is astonishing is my New York class is that Eliot, the famous and indeed immaculate reactionary who detested Jews and probably did not worry much about blacks, should so satirically allude to us. Certain emotions make us feel. What tradition my class is not Eliot's views but the fact that they themselves come with such difficulty in the ancient language of poetry. With little Latin and less Greek, no real knowledge of history and so foreign languages to speak of, my students have to grope their way to knowledge. A great poet makes them feel uneducated. *Jury* because there is no real, will ultimately make them feel right at home. But just now they tend, in poetry's emotional persistence, to feel that because they have so much to learn about art, art does not care for them, does not need them. And so they definitely—oh my, yes!—feel alienated. And are alienated as well.

Now would think that that makes them in need for some recommended popular poet, some writer of slogans like Carl Sandburg or LeRoi Jones. Or that a poet like Eliot, evidently tortured by guilt and impotence, should be boring or contemptible to young people for whom the sexual revolution is the only real revolution that ever was or ever will be. Not a lot of it! Eliot speaks to them, not because they know his politics or care a thing about his career, but because *The Waste Land* written out of some immense personal desperation ("To me it was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant groaning against life, it is a piece of rhythmical grumbling") is in fact an evocative link to the mythic, quarrel, and terror that seasons us as every day from every headline.

Why does Eliot make this connection between me and the fragmented world outside of politics, religion, every traditional loyalty? Why, when I distrust his ambivalence and resent, even less, so many of the formal speeches he expounded as his life-time, should I like my students' terrible bride when we come to Part IV of *The Waste Land*, "Death by Water?"

What is that crowd high in the air  
Thence of maternal lamentation  
Who are three-headed ladies assuming  
Over endless places standing on cracked earth  
Raged by the fat bottom only  
What is the city over the mountains  
Crossed and infested and burnt as the violet on  
Filling towers  
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria  
Venus London  
Utrecht



"Hooded hordes swarming" could indeed be those Iranian masses howling in unison and stabbing their axes to the sky who turn my heart to jelly when I watch them every evening on television. The world has turned flat. We can now see so much of it at once, too much! What is the city over the mountains? Meets and infested and burnt as the violet on? That is not And the Western world we have depended on without changing it could fail—that world is now one of "filling towers." How does Eliot call the roll of the great and filling cities without naming New York, the city that is the supreme marketplace of Western culture but that is filling up with people for whom the city is large is not their city, for whom the country surrounding the city does not exist, who live like animals tied up in a cage, staring at the people staring at them?

Something is definitely wrong. It is a wrongness that makes us tend and that connects with the many ambivalences outside, with Long from Staten Island, with Eliot from China, with the black lady who comes to class all the way from Paterson, New Jersey, with the little lady with the buttoned-up lips so heavily lipsticked that the staff has swallowed up her mouth.

Something is wrong with our culture, and therefore wrong in ourselves. Exactly what is wrong Eliot will not tell us. As Chabon cried up why, as he entered Berkeley with his hands to his temples, "It is the cause." What is caused is a heavy consciousness, a sense of being in the wrong. The best hearing means in one that we alone have: the world that is so historically different for each one of us (if we only knew this) makes each of us a different world. Poetry is one of the few ways by which we enter, truly enter, into the mind of another.

I have heard the key  
Turn in the door once and turn once only  
We think of the key, each in his prison  
Thinking of the key, each contains a prison.



We'll each in a prison and we are all so different, who do we, class and teacher, respond to Eliot so much the same way, virtually in chaos when the evening really gets going? Why, once we get some lines under our belts, do we feel so relieved of our world and so charged up by another? We are happy in the class ends, we are excited and tired, we are strangely together—

Gaily, to the hand expert with soil and on  
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded  
Gaily, when moved, being obedient  
To controlling hands



—and fragment for fragment that we are. Living in fragments, we also know, after *The Waste Land*, that some things will never be the same. ☐

# Woody's

**He fathered a generation bound for glory and a family bound for tragedy**



by Joe Klein

**W**OODY GUTHRIE DID NOT PLAY THE guitar very well. He belted harsh, crackling, snarling tunes. It is said that he wrote music that one thousand songs—including such standards as "This Land Is Your Land," "So Long," "It's Been Good to Know You," and "Deportee"—but that is something of an overstatement. He wrote the words to these songs; the music was based on traditional melodies he'd heard as a child on the Oklahoma frontier. Though Woody Guthrie wasn't much of a musician—the best instrument was the typewriter—he was one of the most talented lyricists in American cultural history.

In 1943, Clifton Koppman wrote in *The New Yorker*: "Some day people are going to wake up to the fact that Woody Guthrie and the ten thousand songs that leap and tumble off the strings of his music have been a national possession, like *Yellowstone* or *Yosemite*, and part of the best stuff this country has to offer."

It wasn't until the folk music boom of the 1960s, though, that Woody gained a wide audience. A new generation of singers—people like Bob Dylan, Tom Paxon, Ronnie Jack Ellis, and Phil Ochs—read his scrawled lyrics and autobiographies. Banned for clarity and crudity in every music store, his way—Woody's style and attitude had more of an impact than his songs, though each of the new singers knew dreams of Guthrie lyrics. But they seemed particularly interested in recreating the myth of the dusty little stranger who smokes late hours, writes a ballad of social indignities, gets drunk, seduces a waitress, spends the night in jail, then takes the first freight out the next morning. But Bob Dylan (or Robert Zimmerman) and Ronnie Jack Ellis (or Elliot Adelson) tried to avenge Woody'sque poets for themselves.

By the time of the 1962 Newport Folk Festival, the new generation had burst into full flower and was given a name. Dylan, Paxon et al. were called "Woody's Children" in the festival program notes. Paul Nelson, writing in the *Little Sandy Review*,

*This piece was adapted from Joe Klein's book, Woody Guthrie: A Life.*



# Children



described them as "collected in a pseudo-western manner, all dressed in blue or tan jeans, all trying hard to look work, talk, act in a way both highly humorous and amazingly realistic. The hair was realistic, the clothes as rumpled as parents would allow, the speech was Dragsdale Cowboy, that non-regional dialect of the Shangan-La West." It was a style that would come to dominate the 1960s, and it still persists.

There was some irony in the term *Woody's Children*. It was hard to believe that Guthrie—the mythical Guthrie, anyway—would ever sit down long enough to have children of his own. But there was another Woody—whom you can picture with his children in the rare family photographs on these pages—who lived a good portion of his life in quiet domesticity in a working-class neighborhood behind the peeling and rusty railway in Coaley Island in Brooklyn. In fact, he spent many days tending to the children while his wife, Margaret Mann, a professional dancer, went off to work in the city.

To be sure, Woody Guthrie was never the perfect husband. He was married three times (the slightest domestic disturbance could send him careening down the highway), but the need for a steady and family life was as important a part of his personality as the need to travel about for the rest of his years. He could be a spectacular father—when he was at home. Much of his creativity was directed toward children ("They're my best audience," he wrote). He was fascinated by kids—loved singing for them, playing with them during concerts for them and, especially, writing songs for them. The songs are among the best ever

Woody with his first wife, Mary, and their children (left to right) Gwen, Sam, and Bill in 1919. Woody had founded a large job as head of the Model Tobacco Company in CBS and moved the family from Texas to New York. For three weeks, until he grew tired of network constraints, and then he moved them to California. For two months, and then he moved them to Portland, Oregon, for one month. They were in search of her home after seven years of marriage, divorced her soon after. Family tragedy followed. Their daughter Gwen succumbed to Huntington's disease. Bill died when his car collided with a train in 1952.

When Woody learned that his second wife, Margaret Mann, was pregnant, he created a personality for the firm—that of Railroad Pete (husband, top, union organizer, anti-Fascist, and fighter for truth and justice). He described Sam's looks, appearance, and personality with gusto of art, his notion of choice.



In 1932, Woody fell in love with Marguerite Marlin, a member of Martin Grahman's dance company. They spent the next ten years, with interruptions for Woody's service in World War II and occasional jaunts around the country, building road castles at Coney Island. "Railroad Prize" was born a girl, Cathy Ann Guthrie, with Marguerite, Woody's favorite child and the inspiration for many of his children's songs. She died in a brick electrical fire in 1947. Nora, Jody, and Arlo (top, with Woody, left to right) are still alive and well, the only three of Woody's children who haven't yet been touched by the family curse.



written for children—simple, without pretense, as children themselves might write them. Indeed, Woody cleared his best material was stolen from his kids. One day, for example, his daughter Cathy said, "Daddy, take me riding in the car-ah," and he responded with the tune that Pete Seeger made famous in the 1960s.

And there was another, even more tragic, resonance to the term *Woody's Children*: a long, sordid history of tragedy in the Guthrie family—a curse of sorts. It had mostly to do with Huntington's disease, a degenerative neurological disease Woody had inherited from his mother and passed on to several of his own children. But it was more than that, Woody had eight kids, and half of them died horribly—of the disease, by far, in an auto accident.

Suffering is, of course, relative. But it is probably safe to say that Huntington's disease is a worse way to die than by fire, or crash, or train wreck. If one of your parents has it, you have a fifty-fifty chance of getting it. If you get it, what happens is this: very slowly you lose your mind—in your mind and body. Woody spent the last fifteen years of his life in hospitals, in a constant state of dementia.

He was poor most of his life. His first biography check, for "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," arrived just as he was entering Brooklyn State Hospital in 1952. His real success came only with the advent of Woody's Children in the 1970s. But he was so sick by then that he could neither write nor talk. Still, he was obviously happy when Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, and Pete Seeger came to the hospital, sat at his feet, and played his music for him.



By 1954, Woody (below right, with beard and cigarette) was quite sick, but most of his friends mistook his Huntington's disease for alcoholism. Ramblin' Jack Elliot (below left, with guitar) was Woody's constant—and often only—companion during this period. A talented musician, Elliot could improvise Woody perfectly—not only his voice but also the various fics, shakers, and lurches that came with the disease. Elliot was the charter member of Woody's Children. (Back Dylan (below) left) eventually became the most famous member. Notice how he even cribbed Woody's facial expression for the cover photo of *The Times They Are a-Changin'*.





He would giggle when his manager, Harold Levinthal, told him that everyone from Bing Crosby to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir was recording "This Land Is Your Land," a song he'd written as a Marxist response to "God Bless America." And he seemed especially pleased when, five weeks before he died in 1967, Levinthal played for him a tape of "Alice's Restaurant," a talking blues by Arlo Guthrie, a singer who happened to be not only Woody's son but also one of Woody's Children. **D**

A late photo of Woody, with Arlo at Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Queens, New York, 1967. Arlo currently lives on a farm in the Berkshires, occasionally recording graceful albums of folk music and performing in concert. He has lost four children of his own, even though it's still possible that he may develop Huntington's disease—in which case Woody's grandchildren would be susceptible, too.

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**TOM ROBBINS** *lives in a dumb dull small American town that somebody left out in the rain; nobody has a mind to retrieve it, shine it up, and sell it to a sheik. He's found a home in a place with no future.* **BURLINGTON, WASHINGTON**

## WHY I LIVE WHERE I LIVE

**I**N TEN THEY SAY THAT IF SOMETHING IS boring for two minutes, try it for five. If it's still boring after five minutes, try it for ten. And soon I've lived in Burlington, Washington, for six months now. My master would say that I should try it for a year. But you don't find my master living in Burlington.

Before I moved to Burlington, I lived thirteen miles downstream in a place called La Conner. La Conner is a picturesque wooded fishing village, quaintest-looking town every inch of it with rustic-to-Alaska architecture. La Conner was charming, it was cheap, it was fun. Naturally, it got "discovered."

Overnight, neat sheds turned into boudoirs. Instead of chatting out for salmon, boats took up loquacious on the beach, posing for meteorologists. Purrer showed up in the grocery store. On the heels of developers came cocaine dealers who thought we burlesque wouldn't know the difference if they cut our whiff with laundry detergent. I staggered all the way to Burlington.

I like Burlington because it has no future. It's a dumb dull small American town that somebody left out in the rain, and nobody has a mind to retrieve it, shine it up, and sell it to a sheik. Not that I'm against progress, mind you. I just don't see that cheating to breed backwoods into a backwoods town but in a step for the evolutionary ladder. I guess I like a lock situation because I know it's real.

Almost as if it were avoiding the bug, the Skagit river belted just last week smacking Burlington and skirts to the northwest. Ann consequence, Burlington proper has no waterfront. But while it may suffer acute depression compared with other towns in the area, it doesn't have to worry about the floods that periodically transform Mount Vernon into a jesterhouse Venice, or the vicious winter storms that are growing more at La Conner's underpinnings, threatening to send those new boudoirs floating to Japan without a paddle. Even for tea, it doesn't have to worry about developers.

With the reversible exception of the old three-story Buchanan Apartments, there's not a building in Burlington you couldn't jump off without breaking your leg. It has never been afflicted with a propogated suburb dubbed Pickerswood Park, Upward Mobility Estates, or Pretensions on the Green. Burlington lies on a cloud-shaded gravel plain between two mountain ranges where many streams run down to an inland sea. However, it is in such ordered juxtaposition to all that beauty that the beauty-obsessed may be drawn to gaze by. Burlington may have learned a trick from these potentially toxic courses of the largely who escape being turned into gaudy by damaging themselves as stiches.

Approximately 3,400 people reside in Burlington. I cannot tell you how many of these have ever read a book. The talk is all TV.

*Tom Robbins is the author of Another Roadside Attraction, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, and the recently published Still Life with Woodpeckers.*

however, TV and high school sports. There's a small public library in the same building as the police station (no gang of intellectual book thieves gonna steal our best seller's), and Thrift Roads has a paperback rack, so somebody must read a novel sometime. But I whittle down these streets without loss of momentum. I've never been invited to a cocktail party in Burlington, and, best of all, no book neither has ever popped out from behind a bush and shored an capitalistic manuscript into my hands (that happened elsewhere). Yet Burlington is not without a literary talent. Jack Kerouac used to hitchhike through here regularly, going to and from Desolation Peak. When the clouds lift and the white benches of the Cascade rise in the afternoon sky, I think of Jack and wish he passed here solo.

Couple of just-gone Burlington businessmen is credited to have said were having a hard time in the life these towns. One sighed, "It's hard to get noticed in a small town," he said. "Too many people watching."

That's true, it is sure for wheelers and dealers, but nobody bothers to watch me. And that maintenance allows me to work. I seem to require the sensation that I am adding into my backyard nook the way George Mesteky slipped unobtrusively into his workshop to build yet another house made barn. Perhaps there is some composing that a best dose in hermetic rooms in several neighborhoods, at discreet distances from the center of town. It was Whitebury, Connecticut, for George Mesteky. It's Burlington, Washington, for me.

Flaubert said that we must have order every day lives so that we can go crazy in our work. There is an order in Burlington that was arising in the more exotic places I've lived. Rather than the imposed order of Prussian cocoonade, it is the effortless order that seeps from the ordinary world. In my ordinary pace I create this ordinary times, and nobody suspects that the pen in my pocket is destined for corduroy deeds. Who could guess, as I stride busmizable into the post office, that mentally I am consulting with mermaids or drafting ordal wine from a lagoon's sluice?

Years ago I attended college in Lexington, Virginia. Once a week, a train came into Lexington—backwards. I can for many with the campaign promise that if elected I would have two trains look into town every week. I told you I believe in progress.

At least four trains cramble through Burlington daily. The freight stopped only in late summer and early autumn to load frozen foods from the processing plants (broccoli, strawberries, peas) and the passenger trains not stopping at all. My house is across a pea field from the railroad tracks. The earth here is river all, less than five, and when the train flows through—bam! and bam! bam!—my night-sleepers and my Acad' quarters—the whole house shudders. The effect is mildly erotic.

Certainly it is romantic. The railroad lines to the north and west



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES L. HARRIS

**ROBBINS** proudly displays his hat collection, but it can't really compete with the cap collection hanging from the ceiling of a Burlington scene. "The Green Gate Room," he wrote. "I built the world's largest collection of caps. Baseball caps, bucket caps, fisherman, hunter, derby, cat, military, and golf caps. More than seven hundred in all. The Green Gate is the Smithsonian Institution, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Louvre of caps."





PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENT

## A Man in No-man's-land

He spends a year at Wellesley College, right?

The ratio of women to men is 400 to 1, right?

It's a male fantasy come true, and it's great, right?

**T**he first laughter was heard. "With an ink and woodblock, an eraser, and an easel, wearing in and out among the stately Gothic buildings, the college is almost too picturesque. It is a world unto itself, like a theme mother and covered and taught over the line of us. Now, I am merely an average-looking fellow. I've had my luck with women in the past, but under normal circumstances none of this would have happened."

When my roommate in Maine learned of my decision to go to Wellesley, they were astonished. Most people spent their senior year in London or Paris, then was understandable. Word spread like wildfire. My women friends studiously avoided me. Their expressions said it all. "Can't find a woman here, huh? We're not good enough? Well, you're not such a deal yourself!"

When the smoke cleared a bit, the helpful advice began. "Judges, Winks. You ought to rest up over the summer." But I took it in stride. Heck, I was there, all right. I didn't think of women as sexual playthings or as my inferiors. I had rationalized the situation: why shouldn't I take advantage of my college that had what I needed? "We all need that," a friend replied, wincing his palms and making an "oomp" sound.

**I**f I never forget my arrival at Wellesley. Before I had even stepped onto the grassy quad, I was in front of my dorm, my father's custom wagon was being unloaded by tenured women in short skirts. They seemed only too eager to get a look at one of the men who would be living in their dorm. The only things I carried as to my man were a lampshade and a Frisbee. I have to admit that

"accident to death" is an understatement of how I felt that September day. That attention and propping from some of the most beautiful women I had ever met smoothed things out pretty quickly. The girls in the dorm mother and covered and taught over the line of us. Now, I am merely an average-looking fellow. I've had my luck with women in the past, but under normal circumstances none of this would have happened."

I observed that most of the women at Wellesley had pictures of old boyfriends displayed on their buns. They dropped masculine names in conversation to let you know that they had a man in the closet. At all-female schools, social status depends very heavily on the male in your life. To have a man who lives on campus for many women that is true power. At least that's how I saw it.

I never spent a more enjoyable semester week at my whole college career. I quickly forgot why I had come to Wellesley in the first place. Being one of the only male students gave me distinct social advantages. I could show up at a Saturday-night mixer, with its lines of Harvard and MIT men waiting to pay to get in, and just stroll past them up to the desk. The girl there, recognizing me, would smile and wave me on. I'd turn and walk at the line of would-be studs staring wide-eyed and wondering what I'd done and I'd pulled.

I was a kid with a sweet tooth in the biggest candy store in the world. I was willing to eat. For the first few months, I was entranced by the beauty of every woman I saw. I could not say no. Often when I think back on that time, I

by David Kent

*David Kent, who lives in Boston, is pursuing a graduate degree in theater.*





eat the remains of a whole chicken. "That," he said, tapping the tray. "I would." "Hold it right when you walk through five dining rooms... I mean, don't drop it." It seemed like half-crazy advice then, but a year later I understood what he meant. We left a deep fear at Wellesley, which we could not leave. Privacy didn't exist. The last thing you wanted to do was draw more attention to yourself by letting a tray of chicken slip from your hands.

I began to notice that many of the Wellesley women resented my presence in campus and were defensive around me. They wanted to get me in my place, so there was that. But then one day, a teacher, which no man could take away. I remember a rare occasion when we male exchange students were sitting together. A gorgeous woman, a member of the student senate, sat down with us. She leaned her hand on the table and asked a question at my Dartmouth friend: "And why did you come to Wellesley?"

Eric overlooked his padding. "My best loved lives in Boston, and I don't get to see her much." (This was in fact his response.)

She turned to Richard and fired the same question at him: "And why did you come to Wellesley?"

"My best friend also lives in Boston," he said, smiling. Her finger pointed at me, and he was my twin. "My best friend lives in Boston, believe it or not," I said. "Well, honey that," Axel said. "My best friend got a flat in Boston, too." Ray looked the survey by confirming that his best friend also lived in Boston.

One March afternoon I slipped and half-fell down the library steps, scattering my books across the yard. Six girls stopped to applaud, and one snapped a picture for the college newspaper. I wasn't feeling very well liked in those days.

**M**ale exchange students at Wellesley are traditionally rotated to a different dormitory each year, to spread the play in the dormitory, depending on how you look at it. The five men who were there the year I was were all assigned to Pomeroy Hall, one of the older houses, situated in an area of the campus known as the Quad. The dorm housed one hundred thirty-five women of all four classes.

Roomways were a little more than. Living there gave us the chance to take full advantage of what Wellesley had to offer. It was at this time that I discovered a number of women who were willing to befriend me after I got rid of my high heels. We had a unique opportunity in living together. I finally began to enjoy it.

**I**t wasn't until halfway through my year at Wellesley that I started staying up all three in the morning with women dressed in nightgowns, who talked openly and honestly about their reasons and heartbreaks. I listened to their comments as they cut out pages from *Playboy*. They talked to me about the depression and disappointments they were experiencing at Wellesley and in job-hunting. It became clear that the choice of career in marriage and motherhood was a great dilemma for my new friends.

We went to joint film together, discussed machines, abortions, social pressure, birth control. We often role-played little scenarios. A woman would tell me all about some guy she was going out with, and I would pretend to be her. "Now, what would you do if I told you I loved you?" And I would react, going my role-play of how it may have been helpful to them in some cases, but mostly it was just a way to vent.

On my side, I reached out to them. I complained of having been stereotyped on

winter vacations because he had failed to outline the role women would play in a new revolutionary society. I began to drink things out from a broader intellectual perspective.

By the same spring rolled around, I was a changed man. I had made some of the closest friendships of my four years in college. My self-confidence with women and my acceptance of them had grown considerably. I had pushed a conference in my own sexuality that was far more honest than it had ever been before. I had begun to seek out women who challenged me intellectually and who were looking for a relationship. Perhaps it is not too far-fetched to propose that my change in attitude was also related to my falling in love for the first time.

**W**hen Henry Ford's Dorset founded Wellesley, he wanted it to be a place that would prepare women for "great conflicts" and "vast reforms in social life." Wellesley has affirmed its belief in single-sex education by consistently electing to remain solely a women's college. From my own experiences there, I expect never to see men admitted on a full-time basis, and I hope they won't.

There are still a great many contradictions in the ideals Wellesley stands for, as well as certain gaps in its curriculum. Wellesley's liberal education major, no women's studies department. Wellesley women tend also to have a warped view of things. Some graduates are shocked with men socially and professionally. At Wellesley students I repeatedly saw women who had moments before called to me in an intelligent, well-assured manner because my friends, taking all sorts of accusations from men who were getting the moves on them. But for positive aspects of the Wellesley community definitely outweigh the drawbacks. Wellesley is socially and culturally well-balanced, and its students are raised by a deep pride in womanhood.

Since my year there, I have maintained a large network of Wellesley friends all over the country. I have even asked a few of my financially successful friends to "keep" me, but they are too independent, they have too much to do, to take on men their lives now. (The women of Boston, I mean.)

I am stayed in contact with my four male associates, we are based by an ever-changing feeling of having been among the few men on earth to live out a male fantasy. I have changed dramatically since the September day when I entered Wellesley, and I am sure that I had caught for a better woman, if I must say so myself. ☐



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## THE AMISH FARMER

FICTION BY VANCE BOURJAILY

**A** COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO IN CLASS, I TOLD THE AMISH farmer story again. I hadn't thought I would and never planned at all to write it down. I guess this was because I used to think it a simple story, which I understood so well that, with any further telling, my own interest in it would be used up. But this particular class had people in it whom I liked, we had an hour of open time, and the Amish farmer story had got people into lively discussions in the past.

The class is a workshop in writing fiction. I put my storytelling energy up for them. Often it helps to pick a particular student, from whom my teaching ego happens to crave a little response, and then to think in terms of narrowing energy for him or her. On this day, the student I held in mind and with whom I had eye contact as I started talking was one we call Kate Jay; she is smart, searching, teaching sometimes, very talented, a leader though not without comers, cool, almost elegant in her blood stream. In Kate Jay it is because of her that I am writing the story now.

"Listen to this," I said. "What I'm going to try to illustrate is the remarkable power of point of view. I'm going to tell you a story in which I think you'll recognize the kind of material a writer might decide to

use. I'll tell it pretty much as it came to me, and then let's talk about how it would change in tone, mood, meaning—in the basic kind of piece it would make—just from changing the point of view from which it's told from that of one character not to that of another."

Kate Jay smiled and nodded at me slightly. I looked back and started catching other eyes.

On a spring morning (I said) about ten years ago, I got a call from a friend and student named Noel Butler, asking if he could come to the house. He sounded upset.

"Come along," I said. "You're trouble, Noel?"

"I think somebody just tried to kill me," Noel said.

I stepped outside, onto the lawn, to wait

many more in this magazine. Deeply involved in the graduate writing program of the University of Arizona.





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her at all. And once he'd responded just a little—was it with a statement, or a laugh, or a dismissive shrug?—she spent a good long time—then it was suddenly been too long to go for both of them.

She had to go on with it. The ice and snow melted, and her impatience (Daniel, I imagine, had enjoyed—) and came back for another point of the hand, and one day a hug, and how much later—something that was barely the first time.

It would all have been very gradual, very difficult, very absorbing to the two magicians, as a story develops in seasons changing. I thought of Dena, passing her winter days that way, moving toward her goals, the excitement allowed to grow very slowly, having to keep the emotions, as they manifested like little, out of sight of her child, her husband, the Amish herd. The personal losses were as hazy as, in hard part to find facts of privacy, any couple could be.

### I KNOW WHEN IT FINALLY HAPPENED.

I now said it clearly but hard to tell me, but he had to. The first time, I saw Dena and I drove into the town one afternoon to stop and didn't start back until they dark. It was interesting to them, a wet, wild, late-winter storm, with rats and mud frozen on the surface, soft and treacherous underneath, and the wind howling and freezing and the snow blowing. We got to within about three miles of the place before the weather suddenly cleared and I saw the road and got out the car and got in the car.

"I was wearing boots and outdoor clothing, though not really enough of it. Dena would never dress like that when we were going somewhere in the car. Her shoes were dark and even had heels on them. She was wearing a kind of high-top, dark wool coat that looked like a hat, but nothing to keep the wind out. I had given her my hat and jacket. But she was so dry to the bone that she didn't.

"We had most of a tank of gas. I might have stayed with her, but Jennifer was home and hungry and the night was scary. The car had been stuck in the snow for a while, when I had to go to school. We decided I'd better go for help. Dena was to run the motor periodically for heat and to turn on the headlights for half a minute out of every five, to show where she was. So I left.

"Look, it was a terrible wild. It kept getting colder. The wind got higher, and the snow fell like the house I've ever been out of. I could hardly see. Luckily, it was coming at my back, but I still stumbled and struggled in the bad footing, and once I got to the car off this road. I was still buried under it. It probably took me an hour to go three miles. I was going to

phone... I had hesitated. "As a matter of fact, Vince, I was going to phone you, because I knew you'd be there when I called. I hoped when the storm let up, you could find the place and wouldn't mind coming after me so we could get Dena and try to pull her out."

I nodded. "We finally got there, the phone was out. The lights, too. Jennifer was in the car. I didn't know what to do. I bit my nails and tried to comfort the car. The stove wouldn't light, so I had some soap. I remember standing there, trying to get my teeth chattering. I couldn't get warm.

"I thought of getting Dena to bed under blankets, taking Dena's winter boots and jacket, and walking back, but I wasn't going to go against the wind, so I had to come back. I decided I was going to have to get Dena's help. I had to be able to say that some damn woman voice told me not to, but I can't do. Whoever it was was happy, they'd got out of it very well.

"Jennifer, I didn't know if I had to leave and the crowd came—'a sort of' out they use in the winter—could go through the weather. I was wondering about that when he touched at the door. He'd seen the snow. He knew we out hadn't come in. He came to check up, and I explained.

"When he leaped that Dena was out there alone, Daniel got quite upset. Especially, I suppose, because, not being to do with cars, he couldn't believe that she was still so comfortable.

"I told him that Dena could go out, and he said so.

"I asked what he thought we should do, and he said, 'I'd like to see a tractor to pull out of the snow.' I was about to be killed. This was the morning, by old one-wheeled tractor in the barn. One of Dena's older brothers had bought it years before, when some of the Old Order people argued that a tractor was permissible on the farm so long as it didn't have rubber tires. Instead, these tractors had logs, almost spikes, and they take up the country roads so bad the Secondary Roads Department has been. Daniel himself didn't use the tractor, but he'd been used to it as a boy. As an act of rebellion, I suppose, it was not uncommon. A couple of times a year the older brother would come over and start the thing up and do maintenance on it.

"I said if I should risk it. Daniel didn't want to answer. I was too stupid to go out alone, anyway. The night was getting worse. Jennifer was there. I gave Daniel Dena's boots and things to take along, and sat he went in his coat and overalls. They're not allowed to use buttons. Their clothes are held together with safety pins. He had a scarf and a hat, and a rubber coat, but long gloves and patches. After a while I heard the big old machine start,

and then I heard it lumber past our little house. It didn't have any lights.

Here I paused, as Noel had paused. I looked around the class and seemed to have their attention, but it was hard to tell about Katie Jay, my smart student. Her eyes were down and away, studying her table.

Well, Daniel's father and the Amish (I asked if the class) have heard that tractor moving out? They might have taken it for the county emergency plowing on the road.

The rest is much too easy to imagine. Based on his own experience, knowing against the unfamiliar steering wheel, turning into the wind, changing through the night. Snow and dark, faces of nature storming at his feet, trying to turn him back, the snow falling, head into wind, head getting more, head and feet freezing as the slow machine gripped and bumped. But after a time he'd started to see the long glimmering of the headlights of long trailers, calling him to go. I don't know what his own mind was. He was dazed before he got there, but the great, crushing, spike-wheeled thing he rode was an engine of ice, no question. And it faded him, going into the ditch that showed signs before he reached the car, so that he finished getting there on foot.

I imagine Daniel, however, then, on the deeply frosted winding and Dena opening the door to what must have looked like a man of ice.

"So you all right, man?"

"Daniel, get in. Get in. We'll do it, then."

"But it's your woman's car."

"That's her car, too. And they are trapped together in the night. There is a nearby frozen man to show. She holds him. She comes to him. She opens his hair and heard with her cloak. I think that an ancient develops not if the girls aren't very brave, perhaps with a safe, he pulls away. And the wind howls, the snow blows sideways. Dena waits. Perhaps she touches him, and with another touch, he hurls himself at her again and in, after how many experiments, secured into a woman like no other.

"That's what happened. Noel was quite sure—whether girls and men were followed, whatever withholds and renews—because of what took place the next morning. I was cold and extremely cold, and in the morning there was a car. I know enough in the center of the car of the pieces of glass at their business window. Jennifer said someone had looked in, very late. Dena said a woman boy's suggestion. But Noel said sure that the amide was like a car and other things. I know who came and went, by the Amish driver passing his cheek against the cold glass that



Esquire goes on a date

with SUSAN  
SARANDON

WE

DECIDED WE'D been spending too much time by ourselves and, remembering that life holds few lustier pleasures than the company of a beautiful and intelligent woman, found ourselves copping up Susan Sarandon and asking her out.

It wasn't an interview we requested; it was a date, a night on the town—the good turtle soup, we hoped. If all went well (though how many first dates do?), we might awake in the morning with our heart aflutter, and maybe she'd feel the same for us. Maybe we'd see her a second time, maybe not. Maybe we'd kiss her goodnight. Maybe we'd greet the sunrise in Acapulco. Or maybe she'd leave us blue on a New York street corner, to sail home in a taxi by herself. First dates are tough to call. As far as we're concerned, they have one and only one thing going for them: they're a start. Though they don't start very much very often, as everyone knows.

When we called on the phone, we were at our usual quandary: where should we go, what should we do? Reluctantly we proposed a theme park as the ideal site, a place where lions and cheetahs jump on the hood of your truck, where there are bumper cars, Ferris wheels, and deep-dish pizza. Hello? Susan? Recovering fast, we suggested a ball game. Susan perked up. Indeed, she said she was planning to go to the baseball-hoops game on Thursday, just two days away. She said she already had the tickets, that she'd been planning to take a boyfriend but would take us instead.

"We're serious and don't know what to wear," we half-joked. (We in fact did know what to wear.)

"I was just thinking the same thing," Susan said.

Our answer was simple: wear what's comfortable. And that was it. We dressed in white, colored linen shirts (colored in rumples) and a blue shirt. We slipped a jacket over our shoulders. We picked up George's car. "That's it," we giggled. George said that giggling



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## JBL First with the pros



ducer Mandy, as well as Mandy's boss, Scott. Susan, it turns out, has more than a pair of letters for toughness (gee), she has a veritable ocean's worth, which the graciously shares with a few of her eight brothers and sisters. The ones we meet are the Susans perfectly proportioned, tall, striking. We've never been close to a female like this, except when watching television.

Susan has, quite frankly, the best figure that has ever gone out on a date with an We know because she is wearing shimmering white pants and a petite white undergarment. The last of the stadium, most impressive of all a winner, whoop and holler as she takes her seat, but the critics don't seem to bother the composed Susan. "They're much worse in Los Angeles," she notes. "Then they walk up and try to teach me."

Matching Susan's demeanor, we discuss politics, remember college life in the late 1960s, and even refer to the game now and then. We are especially reduced to tears when Susan asks us whether it is legal for the third-base coach to give a man a wide stance outside his path. When the Yankees lost the home, we tell Susan that "the ducks are on the pond," an expression she

happens around alone, alone and happy. When Rudy Dett and a play at sea, Susan exclaims with an expletive that catches in off guard. As rising heat we heard again, as a Minnesota field makes a real grab of a Yankee line. Now that we are making frequent players at Susan's golden hair and in our estimation the best part of those double eyes, we find the distance so less innocent or appealing than a young girl's "No, shoot," shouted when she has just stepped into a mud puddle with her new Mary Janes. Our chemistry, you might say, are missing for an instant.

Susan, whose movie credits include *Jac. The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *The Other Side of Midnight*, *Private Lady*, and *Atlantic City*, is a girl, and who recently won off Broadway praise for *A Couple White Christmas*. Susan's career, it is approached by two or three paragraph authors. One of them, Dett, notes about Susan's performance in *Midnight*.

After Dett's review, Susan serves the standard and says, "Yes, it's definitely an *Other Side of Midnight* crowd." But, judging from the jolts and moans we hear as we make our way to the end, we don't think it's a *Rocky Horror* show. It's the way we are getting hungry and empty and want to be alone with the women.

The two of us drive from the Bronx to Brooklyn, where we have made dinner reservations at the River Cafe, a romantic spot just under the Brooklyn Bridge. Our table looks out on the rocky East River, across which the Manhattan skyline twinkles. Noting the silent imbibe and barge that glide past, Susan muses appreciatively as we sit down. It is a romantic experience, she notes, that is directed not at us but at the scene. Even enough—it's a start.

But the rounds are running out, so we begin to bob and weave, dropping our guard as we talk to a few old men to the heart. Susan deftly parries our clumsy thrusts; there's not so much as a drop of sweat on this lovely woman. After our second rum-and-tonic (she drinks a Virgin Mary). "I have a very low tolerance," we hear herself saying—on, judging—her to ask us about it.

"But it takes time for two people to get to know each other," she says, properly

delicately. "Am I supposed to pretend we're in a day and you won't be writing this?" Will I get a chance to write my side?

No, don't pretend! We want to scream. Just start on it, consider our intelligence, our taste of love, our taste of a beautiful chance to be the best of us right out with any of it, we simply lack off and hope for the best. Susan wants to see change of gear.

"What do you think makes the world more forward?" Susan asks us when our dinner—filled of sole and salad—arrives. A good question, though not as purely personal as we'd hoped. We master a few clichés about love and the quest for love. Susan has left her before. She believes that marriage is a perpetually far and emotional and emotional "complex," that the cultural program of earlier civilizations is contained in all of us today, and that we do what we do to survive and advance and further understand the lessons of the past.

Sometimes before we finish our meals, we notice that Susan's face has changed—or has our perception of it changed? It is no longer the face from the movies, but that of Susan Sarandon, eldest of nine kids, who grew up in Jersey, whose old words for Gaby & Mother, who was once married to the actor Chris Sarandon, and who became an actress by a fluke, a star almost overnight. We tell this face a few secrets about herself, and she tells us one or two of her own. The evenings rolling. A date, at long last.

Though it is well after one A.M. date for us when we leave the restaurant, we pause along the explosion in Brooklyn Heights, where we walk past the century-old townhouses that grace the harbor. Susan stops by the railing overlooking the docks and leans on her elbows. She has many good things to say about the beauty of New York. We note that the scene is a perfect realization of a page from a children's book in which everything is described: Jerry boats cruising, boats chugging, stars speeding, airplanes suspended overhead, all night here in a single new.

Thirty minutes later, we are in front of Susan's Manhattan apartment building. We do not kiss her goodnight, we don't even try. We would have the act if we knew her last will, certainly if we knew her better.

We merely shake her hand. And we watch as she walks to her door, knowing that when she disappears inside we will feel some fear for her. Then she does it. She turns and gives us the best and warmest smile of the evening. Surprised, we manage a grin and a wave. Then she steps inside and is gone.

Will she want us to ask her out again? Probably not. Sometimes, we conclude, the phenomenon on the pond, and sometimes they aren't. ☺









THE BAPTIST BAD BOYS OF RAYLOR U.

# HOLY NOZES!

WACO IS AN OLD COW TOWN IN the scrubby flatlands of central Texas with several claims to fame. It is the birthplace of Dr Pepper, the headquarters for the country's largest manufacturer of coffee, and the home of Baylor University, the largest (31,730 students) Baptist school in the world. Down Baylor you, a student found drinking on campus is great, comin' and after two or three repeats of the same offense usually gets asked to leave school for a term. Courses in both the Old and the New Testament are required, young men vie for dates for prayer meetings and twice-weekly singings, and the Baylor chapter of the Young Americans for Freedom is so conservative that it has succumbed to the nationwide organization. Students have names like Tawell Noze, dormitories have carkeys, girls still set their hair on rollers, and it is not unusual for the student paper, the *Raylor Lariat*, to print letters from undergraduates accompanied by headlines such as "STUDENTS QUESTION WOMEN'S VOICE ON SEX OR WOMEN." Baylor is renowned for producing, in the university saying, good, "Christian teachers, preachers, doctors, and lawyers." It is a very depressing school.

Considering Baylor's Baptist scruples, it was not surprising that university officials became flummoxed two years ago when Jesus, who stands outside Earles Hall, had his nose painted bright pink, and when a twenty-foot-high statue that had graced the front of a local hamburger joint appeared on a barrooming parade float. Heled is a headless John the Baptist. And when a band of masked students crashed the chapel to stage a Pickett-Pope contest among two donations and Baylor president Abner McCall, then proclaimed McCall the winner and tapped him Pope John Paul George and Kings. The Baylor disciplinary committee reacted swiftly to these displays of irreverence: it loudly out-

bawed the organization that had spearheaded the protests, and it issued a three-page report vilifying the wrongdoers. President McCall wrote a huffy addendum to the report, calling the students in question "a tick in trust group of juveniles" who were "playing a limited of Russian roulette with their futures."

The offenders belonged to a band of male students called the Supreme and Holy Order of the Noble Noze Brotherhood—the Nozes, for short—a secret society that has been making Baylor officials quake for more than fifty years. There are anywhere from two to twenty Nozes every school year; new members are inducted at the fall and spring. Students from all four classes are eligible, but candidates must have between a 3.4 and a 3.9 grade-point average, must submit an acceptable literary essay of 10,000 words or less, and must share a severe disapproval for the Baylor community. The Nozes are dedicated to "Bible study and campus beautification," surprise on-campus appearances, the publication of a satirical student newspaper called *The Noze*, and the general disruption of the apologetically clean atmosphere at what they call the Baylor Becher Kollage of Knowledge.

BY JENNIFER ALLEN

So naughty are the Nozes that they always travel in disguise to protect their anonymity against discovery by the elderly McCall (known to Nozes as Cardinal Lucid or Abner McChaar) and his squad of male deans. For every appearance they outfit themselves in full "uniform," formerly got-up costumes that include big plastic noses, fake beards and mustaches, wig, glasses, goggles, Arabian headscarves, men's habits, straw hats, leisure suits, and bulky sport jackets festooned with bogus medals. The Nozes' names are as fanciful as their regimens and are chosen according to the member's interests or personality quirks, or for no reason at all. JayNoze, for instance, was so named because of his interest in Japan; the other brothers include UniNoze, Beach-at-SeaNoze, CroakNoze, Snopes MinusNoze, NicotineNoze, Roly VolestNoze, PhurnaceNoze, TroubleNoze, PilgrimageNoze, and HardNoze.

The leader of the outlaw band is the Lord Mayor, whose chief duty is to maintain order. To keep their activities clandestine, the Nozes have developed a secret language called Noze Prose: hury-luz (hurry-luz), sefufuf (soon-Nozes), sishel (good), gishel (stupid), and sope (very stupid). There are also a set of Holy Laws, secret Holy Scriptures, and a devoted mythology that credits a mysterious Uncle Worry from Schneecandy with being the group's guiding light.

The Nozes are well aware that their stunts and pranks are silly, but they cling to them with all the tenacity of a small tribe resisting assimilation. "They build a mystique," says TroubleNoze. "They're into and silly, but they keep to themselves to the rest of the student body and they put kids in awe of us—which they should be, actually. Heck, if we didn't do this stuff we'd be such damn miserable slugs we already are. Did you know that three-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JENNIFER ALLEN FOR ENQUIRER



BEFORE THEY take off for the annual Homecoming Day activities, the Noze brothers finish for a formal portrait. Homecoming life was short, 1993 at Baylor. You can go through the year drinking, but then there's a little bit of the parade and all that. We aren't for Homecoming, we'd have to return to life."





BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

## GATORS

With a reptile close by its food and to feast, a boy learns about survival without being told

ONE OF my jobs a couple dozen years ago was to lead the garbage train out from this summer place. It was good training for a boy. It taught me humility and reminded me to wash my hands. And though the job had its disciplinary aspect, it was just about the only chore I looked forward to. Because of the alligator.

The summer house was on a beach so remote that we had no electricity. There was no garbage disposal, either, so at first we buried the stuff. The boys in the family were reminded to dig deep holes for the garbage, meaning an inch, at least—deep enough to decently bury a dead rat, which was one of the few things we never actually put in those holes.

Then was a big house and a big family, and there was a lot of garbage. We caught and cleaned all our own seafood, so there were fish heads and shrimp shells by the pound. We also buried all the used kells, which were frequent, probably because the backdrop was new and the outside had not yet learned to live it. Every day there was a dead possum, armadillo, or snake to dispose of. Having these facilities and all that garbage became the grimmest part of my day—sorry, even, than bath or bedtime or Sunday school.

Then, about three hundred yards from the house, we discovered the slough and the pit. The slough took dogs, cats, and frogs. It was perhaps as big as a football field. One day an alligator appeared there.

It was not a large gator but three ten- or twelve-footers you see in dirty concrete pits at the cheap Florida roadside attractions. But it was not a boy or a pet, either. This was a manan alligator, man or seven-foot long. At first, we tried not to associate it with simple things: leftover fish, stale bread, overripe fruit. Whatever we offered, it ate greedily, which may be the only way an alligator ever eats. Then we made it tougher, tossing the gator crab



scrap and dead muscans, watermelon rinds and coffee grounds. Suddenly there were no more tedious pits and surely loathsome, when we boys were called on to take out the garbage, it was an adventure. Now we gladly took the short walk to the slough, hoping all the way that the gator would be in sight once we got there. About half the time, it would be out where we could get a good look.

It was something I never got over. Although I did not fear the alligator with the same, cold-blooded fear I knew when I saw it that I was looking at the devil. This was a creature governed by the oldest, most meddlesome urges, and they revealed almost visible on his. No other creature so clearly displays its origins laid, in some fashion, its essence. An alligator is not man; it is merely gatorine.

We all understood that, even though we were pet boys, and we watched the gator through there as door summer's without ever trying to touch it or feed it with our

hands or wrestle with it. We respected that alligator and appreciated the job it did.

One night, in the cold-blooded gator lay on the road enjoying the residual warmth of the blacktop, a crowd of drunks came along. They stopped their car, got out, and beat the alligator to death with tire irons. Then they sped off in the night, whooping it up. They were called motorists then, and that was their style. We heard the whole thing, but there wasn't enough time to get to the road and stop it.

The next morning, we buried the alligator and went back to burying the garbage. We watched the slough to see if another gator would move in and claim the vacant turf. When that didn't happen, I thought about going back to the slough and catching a small one, which was easy and safe enough to do if you used a snare or net. I never could use for the slough, though. There was no catch. Electricity came to town. The road was improved. We

got a telephone. And somebody started hauling garbage.

An civilization arrived, the alligator disappeared. Soon a golf course was built on the black water blue they used to live in, and I could not have found one to transplant even if I wanted to.

The problem, of course, was not just local, and the alligator made the endless pet-species that several years ago. Women—and some men, too—liked alligator-skin belts, boots, and bags so much that it was possible to make a living by killing them and selling the hides. When the Army Corps and the developers had started, laid out and the poachers thrived, so to speak.

The alligator's threatened since that time has made national news. Protection and strict controls on interstate shipment of gator hides have worked, the animals have come back. Every so often, we will eat a poole or take my resistance in the water heard on the intercom

hole. Fish-and-game people are then called out to issue the uncomprehending people and move it to an out-of-the-way place. There is even some limited movie rights in the slough. At least one entrepreneur is making alligators, just as though they were cattle or milk. Not long ago, someone in Florida was killed by an alligator so that I suspect must have been a well-deserved attack.

But to survive is not necessarily to thrive, and although the gator is back from the press of extinction, that's not assured for years until the other day. I was coming home with my daughter from a picnic errand, driving along the old wooden bridge spanned off on the straight new highway. It was late in the afternoon. The earth glowed from a thunderstorm that had left up all day and had then cleared in a wall discharge of lightning and sheets of driving rain. Now the air was cool, and the low country had come to life.

The road ran through a flat, desolate marsh, where blackbirds dived across steady cold pools. Seven bobwhite ducks marched behind their mother like summer convalescents. A water moccasin lay dead in the road where an automobile tire had flattened it. I remembered a time when I had watched an alligator devour a big muscovy. The snake had struck repeatedly and finally at the gator's head, but muscovy legs had no chance against that hole. The alligator swallowed the snake with primitive rapacity, swam back to a clear stretch of bank, crested out of the pond, and disappeared in the slow grass.

In the midst of recalling that scene, I noticed a characteristic gator-like noise, then eyes—and a slight disturbance on the surface of the water above a massive body. There was no alligator in the drainage pool just off the shoulder of the road. I topped the car and walked to the water's edge with a flashlight, who had never seen an alligator except in books. I pointed to the low profile, not really expecting him to respond for a few minutes. It looked like a log. They always do.

The gator turned. I expected it to dive and swim away. Instead, it went right for us, stopping when it reached the water's edge. Its head less than a yard from our feet. My daughter was delighted and slightly concerned. She held my hand tightly and wiggled. We had nothing to feed the gator except a piece of bubble gum that the tank clerk had given us. I unwrapped it and tossed it to the gator, which took it down with a single swallow.

We talked that story from day to day, then returned, with my wife and a bag of marshmallows, to the little pond. When we walked to the bank, the gator swam over to meet us. We threw marshmallows, but they were ignored. Instead of eating, the alligator bowed at us, the air making a rattling sound as it escaped the gator's throat. My daughter was frightened, so

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**THE GATOR SWAM RIGHT FOR US, STOPPING WHEN IT REACHED THE WATER'S EDGE, ITS SNOUT A YARD FROM OUR FEET.**

put the marshmallows down and stood there. The alligator looked up at us with vacant eyes and a reptilian grin, like a confused creature trapped in some zoo. I felt terrible for all of us.

Then my daughter pointed and said, "Another one."

I looked, and, indeed, another gator had materialized about thirty feet from the bank. This one was about five feet long, a little smaller than the one that lay unobtrusively at our feet.

I threw a marshmallow, and it landed low feet from the alligator's nose. The large mouth opened in what looked like an exaggerated yawn. The marshmallow disappeared. For my daughter's amusement, I threw half a dozen more of them at the crawling gator, feeding worse all the time.

Then the alligator at our feet slid back into the water and swam for the middle of the pond. We assumed that he was after marshmallows and, for some reason, would not eat them at the bank. We watched as the two alligators glided closer together, graced and silent. Then the larger alligator attacked. It was deliberate and swift. There was no damage, only a sudden noisy swirl of dark water and a splashy retreat by the smaller alligator. The first gator then returned to his station at our feet and waited as it roared.

"What was that all about?" my wife asked.

"No telling," I said.

In a few minutes, the second alligator reappeared. The marshmallows must have been irresistible. I threw a few more out on the surface of the pond, where they were snatched up. Then the larger alligator looked off the bank, swam efficiently to the middle of the pond, and sat down again.

"I don't get it," my wife said. "Is he some kind of hypnotist?"

"I don't know," I said. Ick-much better, though.

That night, we decided that the first gator must have been a nesting female and the second a transient male. The first had come to warm us off and to defend her nest. The second was hungry and couldn't pass up easy food. The first did not approve of the invasion of her nest. It was a plausible theory, though I did not try to verify it by locating the nest. Happy as I was to see an alligator after all those years, I knew that if I had stepped into the pond or reached too close with one of those marshmallows, the parental imperative would have taken over, and that gator would have taken off my arm.

**DISAPPOINTED** was in a convincing children's report magazine.

**ETHICS**

BY HARRY STEIN

# SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

The conformity of Americans in thought and fashion is a big target

WHEN I WAS one or ten, there was a pseudoscientist that made the rounds of kindergartens. The joke was intended to make us get a laugh—that was not, in fact, funny—but to praise the character of the poor school who was hearing it for the first time. The victim would be surrounded by four or five other kids, and someone would ask, "Hey, Andy, you heard the one about the elephants in the bathtub?" This was the signal for the commentators to begin chiming. "You'll love this, Andy." And so the joke would be told, slowly, the plotters' antipathy building with every syllable.

"There are these two elephants in a bathtub, a mother elephant and a father elephant. And the mother elephant says, 'Please pass the soap.' Well, the father elephant looks at her and says, 'No soap today!'"

At that, the entire group would collapse in absolute paroxysms of laughter, almost always joined, after a confused moment, by the victim. Then, abruptly, the laughter would cease. "Why are you laughing?" someone would ask him.

"At the joke," he'd say, though of course these would already be a glint of pain in his eye.

"It's not funny, stupid. We just wanted to see if you would laugh because everyone else did."

And half an hour later the joke would be told to someone else, the laughter joining the commentators.

The kind of thing—and there were many, many similar episodes—used to set me to thinking about how tough it was to be a kid, about how unsure of ourselves we were, about how we would do almost anything for peer approval. I was, I thought, another good reason to be in a hurry to grow up.

But, Christ, was I wrong? It turns out that, in a dozen tiny ways, we, in this society, fall for the elephant gag every day.



And how is that? "Ten years ago," notes a friend of mine who works for a magazine in midtown Manhattan, "I'd ride my old three-speed Dodge to the office, and all these young businessmen and businesswomen would laugh at me. Now they're all riding bikes to work themselves. Of course, there's all these new speeds."

Of course.

I do not mean to suggest that conformity, or going along to get along, is a new phenomenon. Shakespeare had a hell of a lot to say on the subject. And so did Chaucer. And so—perhaps more wickedly than anyone else—did Melville, whose bourgeois gentility seemed desperately to make his way into society via lessons in dance and philosophy and whose male imagination leaped ahead in order to bring a doctor into the family.

But, of course, in this sphere as in others, the French, those sheep in a nicely cut cloth, have always been particularly easy targets. Back in 1787, Benjamin

Franklin, writing home from his first trip to Paris, took a jab at the French, not only vying over that season's fashion affected by "the trousseau on the steps than all kinds of Ladies'—a huge blast of rage in the middle of the letter.

Nor have things changed much over these years. Three years ago, the Paris magazine for which I worked ran a nonconformist portrait of a nonconformist of what was "in" and "out" that season, with celebrities as diverse as children's movies, soap, politicians, and political persons. I subsequently read that a great many Parisians had stuck the heads on their bathroom walls for amusement.

But we in this country have things thought of ourselves as different. Presumably democratic, we preferred to identify with Franklin's sheepishness. While Europeans might have tops and dandies, we posed ourselves on the heels of Thomas, Lincoln, and Lenin. Having to emigrate, we prided ourselves on not being preoccupied with their new clothes.

Yet now, a century later, capitalism in full flower brings against a huge middle class anti-electronic industry its target, the pursuit of status has become very recently universal. Keeping up with the Joneses once meant owning an appropriately large house and a low-model car, today often in net, a mansion being a business and drinking Perrier and wearing designer jeans. In ten years it will certainly mean something else. But what it will never stop meaning for those caught up in the syndrome is that their self-worth is derived from without, that, just like the kid who broke up over "No soap today," they are failing it.

If we were taking them merely about styles of dress or modes of recreation, all this would be less bothersome than it is. But, in fact, being in fashion often means drinking, or practicing, says. Sometimes that is simply a matter of sheer popular

devotion to the desires of powerful institutions. It has long been a fact of theater life that certain plays stand or fall solely on the say-so of *The New York Times*.

The Museum of Modern Art enjoys similar sway in its realm. A fact endlessly reminding to those aware of the museum's place behind the uppermost facade. Artist Larry Rippy reports that a recent painting of hangings in MOMA only came alive once because "the current curator at the museum isn't so crazy about me.... But can anybody out of your mind trying to keep up with the shifting tides and the ever-politics." But almost everyone who does go believes beyond question that anything happening on the museum's walls is by definition great art.

If popular taste is easily manipulated, so too is popular opinion. Certain beliefs are deemed proper in this country, certain others improper and though one can be transformed into the other with stunning efficacy when the government and the media arrange it—as it was arranged a decade or so ago for us to fall back in love with the Chicanos—very few days tend to escape us unscarred territories.

Even the heated protests of the Sixties were, finally, very much a matter of peer pressure. I remember being intensely gratified to discover how easy it was to persuade other students at the small college I attended to declare their

views against the war—areas to get them to demonstrate out on the streets, marching and chanting slogans—until I understood how quickly they could be persuaded to do something else.

If all the movements to have swept down the pipe in recent decades, however, the no-nuke course probably captures all the rest in its know-nothingness. Even so, as a witness as observer as Mayor Gortner, who interviewed anti-nuclear protesters outside the Seabrook facility for a television show, reacted that he was startled by their ignorance. These kids know they were supposed to be against nuclear power, but they had no idea why. That statement is, of course, close to redundant; they are no-nuke precisely because, in the voice of Thoreau, *Nuke* is bad and *The Chinos* is good; they are supposed to be.

God forbid you should dare, in certain circles, to express enthusiasm for nuclear energy. As lively as one, you would be booted down in quickly in a fellow of my acquaintance was recently when, having just read a Playboy interview with William Shockley, he attempted to discuss a party to generate a conversation on Shockley's interesting theories. "Though what Shockley had said was pretty weird," said my friend, "he'd presented well-ordered arguments, and I was eager to hear how these people would refute them. But the subject was completely taboo. It was

absurd as if they were afraid of it."

But, I think, startled only on the operative word. So unconvinced are most people in this society to thinking critically on their own—so fearful are they of appearing foolish—that when challenged they reflexively retreat to banalities or to silence. It is, I think, no coincidence that speech patterns themselves have subtly changed in recent years to provide constant assurance to those venturing forth into the dangerous world of conversation. "I'm doing my car, right?" someone might say, obliging the listener to offer proof that he is, in fact, interested.

"Yeah."

"And I'm heading downtown, you know?"

"Uh-huh."

"And that cap suddenly gives me a

ticket, you know what I mean?"

"For sure."

The alternative to perpetually finding oneself in such conversations is as obvious as it is difficult to abide by: to understand that the only opinions and feelings worth owning up to are one's own, arrived at independently, to know finally that being one's self with occasional ruses is the healthiest form of all.

No soap roads? What the hell does that mean?

ALBERT DUBOIS is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE

AN INTERVIEW

# BRIAN DE PALMA

*Moment to moment with the creepiest movie-maker in Hollywood*

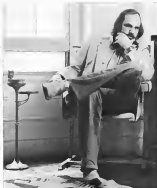
SINCE DIRECTING *Carrie*, I've been offered just about every surprise and horror project that's come down the pipe. I suppose this is kind of flattering, but it's also damn frustrating. In the last few years I've worked on a number of things I was once about a political thriller, for example, and a comedy written by Peter Boyle, a marvelous series of all those *Boys* *Murder* pictures—but I just couldn't get any of them off the ground.

That frustration had a lot to do, I think, with my doing *Home Movies*, the low-budget picture I made with my film class at Sarah Lawrence. I was, in a way, going back to my roots, working the way I used to work when I was then age—so at the same time escaping from all these industry types who can turn you inside out.

I took my class and broke it up into producers and creatives: one had was the art director, another had selected and secured locations, six worked with me on the script. Meanwhile, other kids concentrated on raising the \$350,000 we needed—negotiating tax breaks with federal government officials, swagging deals with businessmen from Greenwich. These kids may have gotten the most valuable experience of all. In the end, if you can't handle, you're out going to make it in this business.

Unsurprisingly, the film took home six awards, as I usually spend on a feature, because every step of the way I had to step and explain precisely what was going on.

I have long realized that I am regarded as something of an aberration in the business, but that film was truly the trigger. Everyone was convinced that it was some kind of scam, that I was shattering Mafia money or something. It was utterly beyond the imagination of these people that I would make a low-budget feature in order to show students how to do it. A lot of director simply doesn't take off two years to do such a thing.



Director De Palma, caught in a frozen mood in his Manhattan office

I recognize that as well as being considered aberrant, I am regarded as the industry as "difficult"—more emphatically, huh? But I also happen to realize that in a capitalist society, we are dealing with very large sums of money, and the money does not belong to me. That's the rules. I've even paid off my price a few times. When *Carrie* came along, I pleaded, *please*, to be allowed to direct it.

Finally, by then I was more than ready for big-time success. All my best friends in the business—Marty Scorsese, George Lucas, Steven Spielberg—had already made it a huge way and there was I, still right or near pictures, still struggling.

But as a way I was quite lucky to have had all that time waiting in relative obscurity. It takes years and years to learn the language of film, to develop a style, to discover how to tell a story in pictures. The truth is, very few directors ever learn

that language at all. They simply pick up things or have actors talk out the story. The silent-film directors understood what the medium was about, but when sound came it became easier—and cheaper—to rely on dialogue. The results are most apparent on television.

Not that sound can't be used very effectively in movies. When you do last-minute films, you play with sound all the time to create a mood. Sounds were very important in my first film, *Dressed to Kill*. There is, for example, an entire scene set in an art museum, in which I used no dialogue at all—just the sounds of footsteps on a parquet floor, which can be very chilling. For *Carrie* we literally spent days trying to come up with the sound for when she sent things flying. We used metal sounds and cars screeching, and we put them all through synthesizers. Finally we settled on a kind of scratchiness was a combination of a violin sound and a whooshing noise.

As a matter of fact, sound is at the very heart of my next film, *Shattered Images*. It's about a movie sound man who's collecting sounds—these guys are always running around late at night with their tape recorders, just in case they run across an interesting sound—and who records a political assassination.

For the record, since the subject will certainly be raised, this film will owe nothing more or less to Alfred Hitchcock than any of my other films do. It's hard to resent all the comparisons—he was, after all, the best director ever, the man who pioneered the genre of commercial one and gets used of them. My film is very different from Hitchcock's, and I think anyone with a brain can see that.

I mean, it does get ridiculous sometimes. Somebody was explaining to me the language of film, to develop a style, to discover how to tell a story in pictures. The truth is, very few directors ever learn



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achieve perfectly outlined and shadowed lips. I spend hours waiting for a doctor friend of my brother's who writes me from San Francisco about heat therapy, and who I get parties in Seattle. Three thousand miles away I have my self for him. I didn't get the attention of American business as if they were the playthings of puppy dogs. If I'm going to be a woman, it's going to be with a Real Man who has lost Life.

**BEING** A college teacher requires that I get no more than five hours of sleep a night so that I can develop really interesting topics under my eyes. I drink coffee at all hours (except when meeting the 90-cent-a-gallon who the senior boy, and smoke at least two packs of cigarettes a day. Alone in the corner of the dormitory room, I get to read Sartre or Kundera and ignore the group-type parties going on. It's hard work, particularly the Kundera. My stomach goes to hell. I can't run the length of the hockey field anymore, so the gym teacher's always telling me. I think I want to be a philosophy major maybe the Heidegger will get respect, so I enroll in Philosophy II, taught by a demon female intellect who flays dogs around like steel darts and never once mentions Heidegger or even John Locke. Too late I find I'm not cut out for philosophical debate. I'm getting C's, and my self-image as a student. Maybe I should have gone to Stanford and become a bridge-player, party-long co-ed.

**GRIMLY** I earned Fred Howl about my beloved roommate and her stereo to Coltrane and Monk. Though I never even saw, I had a good, pet-grown expression. I waste hours in bars talking about the summer I'm going to spend in Sausalito, or Paris, or Greenwich Village, if only I can figure out a way to pay rent. Although my grandmother is wealthy, somehow it doesn't have the quality of my associate with Camus and Kerouac.

Finally the term of being my brother's plaything is due tomorrow, even as next week, Being and Nothingness will have to wait. —RH

## A VIEW FROM OUTLITER



**I WASN'T** depressed at college. How can someone in a constant state of delirium be depressed? Consider these facts: It was 1967, in the middle of the largest cultural explosion of my generation—the hippie movement. I was an editor at *The Michigan Daily*, a university newspaper known for its tough attitude toward left-wing politics. While I sympathized with my outraged faculty colleagues, I was too busy being a woman in my dorm and writing my column, *In A Nutshell*, to let politics get in my way. The column was a collection of anecdotes about my unusual friends, not the literary, philosophical, or my grandmothers, and other brilliantly witty subjects. So out of class was my column with the rest of the paper that one endearing professor wrote a letter to the *Daily* wanting that I did not in fact exist at all.

Everyone around me was angry, even outraged. I was enormously happy. I laughed a lot, even told jokes. In 1967, being happy was about as rare as a lizard bar.

Even my best attention was not away. Once I saved enough money to go to a weekend peace march in Washington with some friends. I had never been to Washington before, and I got so absorbed in the outdoor exhibit at the Smithsonian that I missed the march entirely.

By the time I graduated from Michigan, my political activities had almost completely faded. I was rich, but I had time. It is a luxury only on weekends. My first job netted me seventy-one dollars a week,

just enough money to buy several colorful skirts and blouses and one big contract. Each Friday night I would make love from work, carefully before my black de Broglie outfit in the back of my closet, and show on an amorphous dress gown, beads, a pair of long dangling earrings, and sandals. One night, done up in this outfit, I went to a party at Columbia University. I attached myself to one of the long-haired men, and although we spent several hours talking, I could sense his inner insecurity walk me. Despite the beads and sandals, I was not sufficiently angry or resistant for him. Later that evening, his cousin Malcolm arrived. Malcolm, it turned out, was a lieutenant in the Navy. With his short blond hair and big blue eyes, he looked about as rebellious as Buster Brown. We let his conversation.

"Are you a hippie?" he asked. "Not really," I considered. "Only on weekends. What about you?"

"Well, I lived in the Heights of Ashbury and was the last survivor," he said. "Then I went to OCS and into the Navy so I guess I'm not anymore."

Sensing something familiar about him, I followed Malcolm around for the rest of the night, and six months later we were married.

—B.C.

## UP YOUR PASS THE ROAST BEEF



**WHEN** I arrived for freshman orientation at a very traditional New England college, tradition was not held in high esteem. But one thing that even dogs was oddly appealing involved a checkbook located for the

college street, a four- or five-story tower from which generations of disapproving students had taken the traditional drink to the rather bare below.

The next was 1968, and I took it was an era of dramatic protests—at workouts and across and fiery suicides by Vietnamese men on TV every day. The class of an introduced by the cleaner and the prevailing pharmaceuticals of the day, there was only one go-to-the correct place to be, and that was somewhere out on the Left—the further out the better, as best I could tell. So it was there I positioned myself as a middle-class Ivy League fanatic-fringe leftist, which, like in the living Room Republic, in at least a self-conscious tradition and perhaps a crime against nature.

The life of a fanatic leftist, I soon learned, was full of ups and downs, and the part that wasn't was and drugs turned out to be mostly depressing. To be among student radical during the Vietnam draft, for instance, you had first to assume a student class did I stay through two stupor-inducing semesters of Group Independent Studies in the Philosophy of Revolution.

And if the long hair from Marx to Maoist weren't bad enough, being a campus agitator also meant going home for vacations and, ever most bed and hospital parking, bearing the bills for their inactivity to the plight of oppressed peoples everywhere. Then they would give me the tuition money I needed to go back and continue the revolution.

For a while, strangely enough, it seemed to be working. Not so Nixon and the endless war ground in all directions, a depression took hold that was worse than anything Marx could possibly have imagined.

In powerless despair we joked about how the old Ivy League Leap would be an appropriate dramatic protest.

Then, suddenly, I discovered an alternative that made political suicide seem a trifle excessive. When the first draft lottery held in December of 1969, ensured my freedom from conscription, it also freed me from the grim business of a movement that clearly had come to a standstill. So the fall

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living spring I walked in my student dormitory and sat off to join another tradition of long standing—being an American expatriate in Europe. My new course demanded disorientation and depression as prerequisites for admission, but it also demanded that I check them at the door. —R.F.

### Geosynclinal Orogen



I HAD been everything before I went away to college: cheerleader, greaser, girl, passer-hugger, protester, feminist. By the time I got to Oberlin the next experiment in social programs was to become a greenhead. Greenheaded a pale, sickly-looking person who lives and eats communally, plays volleyball, consumes cheese in ninety-pound blocks, and cooks with greens. Soybean casserole is a popular dish cooked with mace.

It was 1974, and generally our concerns were the environment and health. Those of us who were hip and foresightful cautions about nuclear power. Life had been a bummer for women, the men showed their solidarity by slaking Tampara.com. Nican was clearly cracking. To feminists like us, conventional and earnest we were, we had only coming T'u Chi in the corridors and Tullies, Carlos Cordero, and Dore on the shelves. We thought about food all the time.

Everyone in our house was a wiggle, except for two tables of carrots and one table of inactobiotics. Carrots get near casseroles or chicken soup twice a week. We cooked and cleaned in shifts, and there were experienced cooks who made sure we did it right and who helped us

the bread and the three garbage cans full of grasses that we needed each week. We needed mice, we needed roachones.

I hang out where all depressed gringos hang out—in the kitchens. There we made pots of lentil tea and dipped our bowls into the gringo trash cans and sliced off hunks of fresh wheat-germ bread, which we ate with butter, not margarine. We talked about the vulgarity of white sugar. We told hot dog horror stories. We carried the man-eaters of Tih.

By then I needed Tab. I was a fat person suddenly, and I shared my feelings too much. Finally I admitted I couldn't keep the little animals in *Lord of the Rings* straight. I really wanted a meat beef sandwich from the Campus Restaurant. This was the Watergate era—no big chance for sexual outrage, black comedy, and depression—and I wanted cigarettes for it. Was I too into "bad," or had I just outgrown the grandiose of space? It is astounding. These things can't exist.

Now I'm trying my way back  
six years and reemerging a  
granola-depression. I don't care  
if I was dishonorably dis-  
charged; I'm earnestly de-  
pressed. The world is unfair.  
There are loaves in power. Eat  
those loaves. — M. J.

### On the Bottom



MOST OF the mattresses at Harvard were the kind of padded mats that sit on steel-spring hammocks with locked-on steel tube frames, the kind you associate with summer camp and basic training. Others those frames were built into bunk beds, and during the first

semester at Harvard I watched the springs in the bank above me blast and contract like a bullfrog's underthroat as my roommate made some kind of love almost every night.

He was my first college friend, a wing-and-horned, hyperkinetic graduate of St. Paul's. Burke E. Archer III (they made me change the name!) Burke was the first authentic prep-school product I ever met, and he was a hippie and semireligious. Burke loved and grooved all over wild-eyed and rocking of meat and male sweat. If you could bottle Burke's pores, I thought, if you could squeeze and knot his like a wet T-shirt hunklebo, you would extract something close to a pure oil of passion that would be just the thing to oozest out of J. R. Brown's nostrils.

Dodo's example didn't do me any good, though. I had been under the impression for some time that if you were nice enough to girls, they would volunteer to help make your mother's cloak. I had guessed at one girl I had known since high school, Dodo Goldschmidt (as something close), for three years, but nothing did. I was what you might call passive to the point of passivity, with the exception of Dodo's store girl with the loaves of a chef's petty offense: the beautifully innocent blossom mouth of a Victorian dream, and the sweetest nose of a Thayer waltz. I loved no one.

Berke often asked me about my involuntary civility as he sat cross-legged and eaned in the middle of our room, chain-smoking Camels and preparing his las almorzar every day. He would rock back and forth lazily on his coxys and bid me to go to my class, but I would not. I would not leave him alone to do after I made the appointment with him. He would not let me go until he had begun the session just before 11. I could not let the episodes that would lead to intimacy. Nevertheless, I allowed Berke to arrange a date for me with the gorgeous Pansy Alcorn, a New York person whose girl with a blond straight nose, slender size, and the bone structure of a Polynesian hotch dinner. We were invited at a campus party given by Adam Rahimov, a student leader of a legendary Marxist-Leninist group.

Fanny stood across the room—packed with society girls, growing radicals, and longer expatriates—smoking French cigarettes—her acridly laughing eyes spotting each entrance and exit to and from the table, her shiny and pre-disco hair short and her stony interest. I stood on the opposite corner among the floor cushions, drinking beer that I couldn't taste, nodding with incoherent enthusiasm at a conversation that somehow included Hugh Kesner's Rhetoric and the McGovern campaign, and I started to read Pynchon's laughing glances so that she would know that I knew we had been placed in middle company.

At Barker's orders, I went over to Pansy's side and put in two minutes of enforced gawking at her. She was in a state of great agitation; then, leggy and in flight, I went down the hall to the bedroom assigned to Pansy Allagant and—word of the party being—me. I sat down on the silent, cool, well-made girl's bed with an ash-tray, curtains and well-pressed, tiny, flower-patterned sheets and decided to legs sleep. When the door opened I saw Pansy standing above me, laughing, silently in usual "What are you doing here?" style, and with this assurance of a husband's

In the morning she was still laughing, under the sheets. I watched the ceiling change color with the sunrises, and by the time it had become white I had a case of the Windows, which was what Dede Goldschmidt's leather used to call what you had the morning after a first-disposition date when you smoke, saw your girl, saw the windows, and wanted to crawl out. Fanny wanted to go to breakfast, or even talk. We ate lunches in the dining room. I promised to call her dinner.

I couldn't imagine wanting to go to bed with Pussy or any other woman that night, or for weeks afterward. Things were hard for the people at Harvard that year, and I didn't get any colder sheets with another stranger until next December, when I met Pussy Allright in the snow, and we went up four flights to her room together, and we finally fell asleep. It was the last time we saw each other on campus. —PMCK

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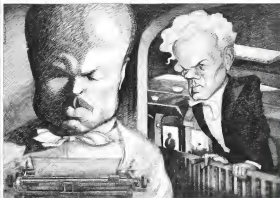
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# MOVIE CLASSICS

BY EDWARD SOREL

## CITIZEN KANE

In which a twentieth-century King Midas destroys everything he touches



Kane (Orson Welles) focuses the vision that *Leland* (James Stewart) is too drunk to complete.

IT'S THE 1941 movie that tops everybody's "best list," the movie that has inspired more criticism and more controversy than any other—the movie that provoked lawsuits, attacks at suppression, and the capture of long-standing bromides. It's the movie that Orson Welles, then twenty-five, produced, directed, costarred, and starred in... the movie that marked the most expressive directorial debut in the history of the cinema (although there are adapters who insist on giving that distinction to Eisenstein's *Strike*, made in 1926)... the movie that is an encyclopedia of almost everything that can be done with film. It's the movie about Charles Foster Kane, a twentieth-century King Midas who starts for power and destroys everything he touches... the movie that was modeled after the life of William Randolph Hearst... the movie that had to be shot in secret to keep the newspaper tycoon from learning what Welles was cooking up... the movie that Hearst's good friend Louis B. Mayer tried to buy from RKO before its release so that he could destroy it piece by piece and republish it as the movie that introduced us to the subsequently familiar faces of Joseph Cotten, Everett Sessue, and Agnes Moorehead... the movie with Gregg Toland's ingenious camera work... the movie that's the classic movie classic.

The man they loved to hate: The euphoric critical reception accorded *Citizen Kane* made it inevitable that the film would be nominated for awards by the motion picture academy. Yet at the Academy Awards ceremony, the formally attired audience booed each time one of *Citizen Kane*'s new nominations was mentioned. There were two reasons for this vicious demonstration. First, the academy members were angry because the film had insulted Hearst's eye for the movie colony. The *Reward* paper had already begun to call against the unique life-style of smug-kind. Hollywood machinists feared further exposure of their private lives. Second, they were offended by Welles' brazen, arrogantly confident personality. Not only had the wunderkind produced a masterpiece but had come out, but his prodigious manner made the old-timers feel like huddling several times. They'd be damned if they'd give the boy genius an award in a major category.

Even Herman Markowitz, who considered the screenplay with Welles and who genuinely admired him, found Welles' egomania hard to take. Observing the producer-director on the set one day, Markowitz was heard to mutter, "There, but for the grace of God, goes God." **O**

# Cadillac announces V8-6-4 Fuel Injection

## As you drive, the 1981 Cadillac automatically goes from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders.

### Is V8-6-4 Fuel Injection standard equipment?

Yes, the V8-6-4 fuel injected engine is the standard gasoline engine for all 1981 Cadillac.

### How does it operate?

As you leave your driveway and 8 cylinders start in your gasoline-powered 1981 Cadillac are in operation. Then, as you reach normal city speeds on a street or freeway and your power requirements lessen, the car automatically switches to 6 cylinders. And then, when you reach cruising speeds and your power needs decrease further, the car automatically switches to 4 cylinder operation.

### Does any other carmaker offer anything like this?

To our knowledge no other carmaker offers it—foreign or domestic.

### It sounds complicated—is it?

No. It's surprisingly simple. The on-board digital computer of the Digital Fuel Injection system senses the power requirements of the engine and does all the fuel or no cylinder valves depending on those power needs. Then, as your power needs change, it opens fuel valves.

### Can you feel the car going from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders and back again?

Some people can. Some can't. The perceived sensation is slight. Sometimes, in a sense, there is no shifting. Fuel valves simply close or open as instructed by the computer.

### The idea of 4 cylinders in a Cadillac bothers me—should it?

No, it shouldn't. The system only goes to 4 cylinders when your power needs are relatively low. To pass another car, push down on the accelerator and the system instantly goes into 6 cylinders for added power. Then, as your power needs decrease again, the system will return to 4 cylinders.

### How reliable is it?

This system has been proven in over a half-million miles of testing. It's that reliable. All electronic components are solid-state, including the digital computer itself.

### Is this the same as overdrive?

No. Overdrive is a function of gears. V8-6-4 is a function of the number of

cylinders reaching fuel. By way of interest, overdrive is a feature associated with the V8 engine available on 1981 Fleetwood Brougham and DeVilles.

Cadillac are equipped with GM built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.

### Can I tell how many cylinders are active at any given time?

Yes. Push a button and Cadillac's MPG Sentinel on the instrument panel shows digital display of the number of cylinders active at that moment. The MPG Sentinel will also show instantaneous mpg and average mpg.

### Is it one that this combination could help a person to become a more efficient driver?

Absolutely. Knowing your active cylinders and instantaneous mpg can help you adjust your driving habits accordingly and thereby help you become a more efficient driver. You can further demonstrate it to yourself by revving the MPG Sentinel before a trip. Then push a button at light and the MPG Sentinel will tell you how well you did by displaying your average miles per gallon for the recent trip.

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